Frederick H. Huth.

99 Newmarket, or, an Essay on the Turf; containing, amongst other grave and weighty matters, a parallel (though not after the manner of Plutarch and Mr. Spence) between Newmarket Races and the Olympic Games; Very proper to be had in all pockets at the next Newmarket Meeting. The Second Edition.

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OR, AN

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OLYMPIC GAMES;

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THE SECOND EDITION.

VOL I.

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Eraſmus ad Thom. Morum.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY R. BALDWIN, IN PATER-NOSTER ROW, AND J. DODSLEY, in PALL MALL. 1775.

perhaps a few years after, neither do I my pen only for the place whose honours I proclaim, nor solely for those persons who frequent the plains about it.

Principally, however, I acknowledge that for the heroes of the Turf I write, and then for every body else.

Let not the unlearned reader be deterred from proceeding, by the frequent mention of the Olympic Games; and if the first half dozen chapters do not

not happen to ſtrike his fancy, let him for once take an author's word for better entertainment, and go on.

And for fear I ſhould hurt the known modeſty of our brethren of the Turf, from the laviſh praiſes I have heaped upon them, I hereby declare, that I verily believe there are now and then, (black ſwans) gentlemen of very different characters from ſuch as I have celebrated, ſeen upon the plains of Newmarket.

I have now only to beg of the noble Society, assembled upon those plains this present April, 1771, that not any one of them would be so vain as to apply the encomiums I have so profusely and generally bestowed, contractedly and particularly to himself. If any one will put a feather in his own cap, I hereby disclaim the design of inserting it there; if he does fit the honours to his head, I assert, that it is his own vanity, and not my fault. To such I would re-

com-

commend the following *Fable* of the late ingenious Mr. Moor, only desiring it to be understood in the direct reverse, of praise instead of abuse.

The birds in place by faction press'd,
To Jupiter their prayers address'd
By specious lies——

Do pray, Mr. Dodsley, print the rest from the original, for I detest transcribing.

——The state was vex'd,
Their councils, libellers perplex'd;
They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs;
Jove grants their suit; the eagle sat,
Decider of the grand debate.
The pye, to trust and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permission to be heard.
Says he, prolixity of phrase You

You know I hate.——This libel ſays,
" Some birds there are, who prone to
" noiſe,
" Are hir'd to ſilence wiſdom's voice,
" And ſkill'd to chatter out the hour,
" Riſe by their emptineſs to pow'r."
That this is aim'd direct at me,
No doubt, you'll readily agree;
Yet well this Sage aſſembly knows,
By parts to government I roſe;
My prudent counſels prop the ſtate:
Magpies were never known to prate;
The kite roſe up; his honeſt heart,
In virtue's ſufferings bore a part,
That there were birds of prey, he knew,
So far the libeller ſaid true.
" Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
" Who knew no intereſt but their own;
" Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
" Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling
ſpar'd;"

This

This might be true, but if applied,
To him, in troth, the ſlanderer ly'd;
Since ignorance then might be miſled,
Such things he thought were beſt unſaid.
The crow was vex'd; as yeſter-morn
He flew acroſs the new-ſown corn;
A ſcreaming boy was ſet, for pay
He knew, to drive the crows away;
Scandal had found him out in turn,
And buzz'd abroad, that crows love corn.
The owl aroſe, with ſolemn face,
And thus harangu'd upon the caſe.
That magpies prate, it may be true,
A kite may be voracious too;
Crows ſometimes deal in new-ſown peaſe,
He libels not who ſtrikes at theſe;
" The ſlander's here--but there are birds,
" Whoſe wiſdom lies in looks, not words;
" Blund'rers, who ſhoot beſide the mark,
" And never aim, but in the dark;"

He

He names not me; but these are hints,
Which manifest at whom he squints.
I were indeed that blund'ring fowl,
To question if he meant an owl —
Ye wretches, hence! the eagle cries,
'Tis *conscience*, *conscience*, that applies;
The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secur'd, by innocence from harm;
While guilt, and his associate fear,
Are startled at the passing air.

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NEWMARKET:

OR, AN

ESSAY ON THE TURF.

CHAP. I.

OF IMITATION.

—Lux longe alia eſt ſolis et Lychnorum—
Cicero pro Cælio.

YOU are to be informed, gentle reader—I wonder no author begins his addreſs with *Simple Reader*; I ſuppoſe becauſe ſuch a ſalutation would affront their Highneſſes and Lowneſſes, for in theſe enlight'ned days all are readers; it is now

Legimus indocti doctique—

And as to the gentleneſs of them many are ſufficiently rough, and moſt at leaſt as ſimple as authors themſelves.

"So! here is a profeſſed imitator of Mr. "Sterne—A wight, who thinks that wit "conſiſts in wand'ring from the point."—

I beg your patience, my good Lord or Lady, my dear Sir or Madam, good Mr. Thomas or Mrs. Suſan (you ſee I am willing to pay my reſpects to you all) I do aſſure you, upon the honour of an author, if you will allow him to have any, that I chuſe not to imitate any may living, and leaſt of all Mr. Sterne.*

But do you think I have at all hit off the Shandean manner?—Hark! a word

* The reader ſhould be told that this Chapter was written before Mr. Sterne's death,

in

in your ear ********, much eaſier than it is to imitate *Swift*—

Oh! the blood more ſtirs
To rouſe a lion, than to ſtart a hare!

Now if my reader looks upon me to be of the Shandean complexion, will he be aſtoniſhed when he is told that I have, in the compaſs of ten lines, reſiſted two temptations; one of being lewdly witty, and the other of being prophanely ſo; in one place by avoiding b—y aſteriſks, and in the other by failing to introduce a wanton application of ſcripture.

Indecency in a writer moſt undoubtedly betrays a want of ſenſe, and prophaneſs a want of a ſtill more deplorable kind. So that you ſee, my good friend, that if I cannot be as witty, as the author you wot of, I will not be as indecent, or as prophane.

" But why ſtep out of the way thus " to attack Sterne?" Nay, I was led out of the way; I was accuſed of imitating a man, whoſe wit, when pure, is, I confeſs, inimitable; and, when impure, is ſuch as no writer, in his ſober ſenſes, would endeavour to take a likeneſs of.

And what if an unlucky thought happens to come acroſs an unfortunate author, like that which interrupted me in the very threſhold? Should he be condemned, if he ſteps a little out of his road and endeavours to overtake and hunt it down? And ſhall he for this reaſon be hiſſed and pelted at for a paltry ſcoundrel of an imitator?—Where, I would fain know, is the juſtice of all this?

I ſaid, that I ſhould chuſe to imitate no man living; and I ſaid true. But there is, I mean there was, whom I ſhou'd

ſhou'd be proud to copy; in whoſe foot-ſteps to tread were greater honour than the higheſt originality—at leaſt which this age has produced.

Boy! fetch me the nine volumes mark'd T. S. from the third ſhelf on the left hand of my ſtudy door, and I will immediately offer them a ſacrifice to the manes of *Swift*.

And do thou, Melpomene, who *didſt certainly look upon Sterne with a placid eye when he was born*, tho' ſome goat-footed Satyr has ſtill endeavoured to thwart thy benign influence, do thou, as the pure ſpirit evaporates from the ſordid maſs of dregs, convey it to the owner, charge him to infuſe it into his next work, but be it free from frippery, and unclogg'd with dirt and obſcenity.

Genius of Swift! oh if but one ſtraggling ray of thy bright Sun might illuminate my mind, and (as *Young* poetically, tho' fantaſtically has it)—

——— *on my dark cloud*
Impreſs an Iris—

how greatly, how infinitely ſuperior.

But I beg pardon: I would wiſh to catch one ſpark of the flame of that wonderful man, ſo that I might be an agreeable companion to my reader through the following pages; but truſt me if I cannot ſnatch Promethean fire, I will not go to ſmoaky lamps and farthing candles to borrow illumination.

CHAP. II.

OF DEDICATIONS.

Læthæum ad fluvium Deus evocat agmine magno.

Virgil.

WHEN I first formed the design of writing the following treatise, I long revolved in my mind the business of a dedication. Numberless Right Honourable, and truly excellent persons, would this happy age have afforded me, to whom I might have addressed my labours—but in what words cou'd I have done it? There was the grand difficulty with me; upon a moderate computation the number of dedications in the course of the last fifty years, will amount to eleven thousand six hundred and twenty seven, and upwards. In these, every

virtue under heaven has been ſet forth to public view over and over, and the ſubject quite exhauſted.

A dedicator, therefore, is under a neceſſity of repeating thoughts which have been a thouſand times repeated; nay, and he muſt rack his brain to avoid the ſcandal of plagiariſm, in uſing the very words of his predeceſſors in this beaten path. Now as I have a mortal averſion to ſay what has been ſaid before me, I thought beſt to omit a dedication entirely.

There are two noble perſons to whoſe uſe every work that is written is entirely ſacred. One is Prince Poſterity, and the other — — his name is — his name need not be given, if (as we do by other Right Honourables) we ſink it in the more pompous title—which is

The

The Wonderful Wonder of Wonders.

By this title, Dean Swift, of humourous memory gives some account of him; which, if the reader recollects, he will immediately recognize the noble person. To the former of these the Dean has addressed a dedication; and by consequence, however desirous I may be to pay my respects to his Highness, I am anticipated;—to the latter I have no occasion to offer my works, for however unwilling I may be to have that done, if the reader condemns me, he will, without much ceremony, present my work to his Highness with his own hands.

The following form of a dedication of this sort, with which a friend of mine presented a five hundredth edition of Horace, may divert my readers—and I would commend it to the sagacity of Messrs. the Reviewers (—Gentlemen,

your humble ſervant—) whether adopting ſome ſuch general form of condemnation, would not ſpare them a world of trouble.

** Celſſimo Principi*
Podici
Limenarchæ
Reginæ Cloacinæ
a privatis Conſiliis
Equiti Aurato.—

*Dico tibi, Princeps nobiliſſime, et dedico a Domino **** emendatum Horatium. Si quis autem quærit quid Poetam honoratum ad te detuli, promptum eſt quod reſpondeam. Tædet Editoris, tædet Notarum. Feciſſe quoque ut iret obvius tibi Editor petulans qui quidvis putat ſibi licitum mutare, et quod majus eſt ut inhoneſtum quiddam tibi darem inelegantiarum principi Arbitro, meque tibi profiterer,*

O ver-

* A dedication, very like this, may be ſeen in an edition of Horace, publiſhed by Mr. J—— of Uppingham, Rutland.

O verrende ſemper, ſummo ſtudio devotum,
Maii, Cal. 1755— X. X.

This curious dedication would loſe half its beauty in a tranſlation: I ſhall leave it therefore unexplained, adopting the proud boaſt of Pindar and Mr. Grey.—

φωναντα συνετοισιν.

And as I am ſure my reader is one of that number, if he is inclined to offer my little treatiſe at his Highneſſes throne, I have here furniſhed him with the grand out-lines of a form, ready ſketch'd out to his hands.

And be ſure, Mr. Bookſeller, you print it on a fine medium paper, &c.

CHAP. III.

OF GLORY.

— Amor patriæ ratione valentior omni.
Ovid.

NOW, reader, will I inform you of what I ſhould have told you ſome pages ago, had it not been for that ill-omen'd interruption in the beginning. You are to be told then, that I am induced to ſet pen to paper, not from any vain glory, or a ſordid deſire of gain; from the one I am ſecured by a moderate opinion of my own abilities, and which perhaps you will kindly aſſure me is very well grounded. For though certain ſelf-ſufficient authors have thought proper to aſſert, that they, the ſaid authors, are at this preſent writing,

actually

actually and *bonâ fide*, the clevereſt fellows upon the face of the earth—I know not how it has happened (unleſs from a certain perverſeneſs and want of judgment in their readers) ſuch authors have unfortunately failed of credit. Horace, indeed, and Ovid amongſt the ancients, and the *Spectator* and *World* among the moderns, may be allowed to have anſwered, by their real merits, theſe haughty airs; but I would adviſe my brother authors to be cautious of imitating them, for a reader is ſtrangely apt to truſt his own ſenſes ſooner than a writer's word.

From the other deſire (at leaſt ſo much of it as may be called ſordid) I am guarded by a comfortable ſtation in life, with which I am thankfully content. for—would you believe it?—I am neither writing in a garret (prettily called the Attic

Attic ſtory, by thoſe facetious wags, the architects, becauſe it is the general reſidence of wit) nor upon a three-legged ſtool—emblematic of the Pythian tripod.—No, Sir, I am now this 18th of February, 1769, penning this elaborate treatiſe in my own neat parlour, and the wine is but juſt removed from my table.—

" Wine! will ſome petulant Scaliger,
" Junior cry, as the Senior did of honeſt
" Montaigne, what does it ſignify to us
" whether he drinks red or white.—"

True, Sir, it does not ſignify to you whether I drink red or white wine—the thing is, whether I drink *any* wine. This I conceive to be of ſome conſequence to the point in hand, when I am endeavouring to prove that a pitiful deſire of gain is not my motive of writing; Q. E. D. A word to the wiſe,

ſays

ſays the proverb, is ſufficient; and I look upon this ſlight hint to my intelligent reader, as perfectly equivalent to a long deduction of cloſe reaſoning—Not that I have ſo far loſt my powers of mathematical demonſtration (to which I ſo happily devoted four years at the univerſity of Cambridge) as not to be able to prove by $A + B - C = X$ that a man who can drink his own wine at his own table, is not under a neceſſity of writing for filthy lucre.

Far from me be ſuch vulgar inducements; ſublimer motives influence and direct my hand. Such are the love of my dear country, and a deſire of promoting its glory.

When I conſider the abundant excellences of this happy iſland—the wiſdom and ſtability of our ſtateſmen—the diſintereſtedneſs

tereſtedneſs and generoſity of the higher orders of men in general—and the utter deteſtation of every thing corrupt and venal in the lower, the goodneſs, ſobriety, virtue, purity, modeſty, fortitude, humility (—oh for a dictionary of ſynonimous terms!—) of all the inhabitants of Britain, ſo greatly ſuperior in every excellency which I have mentioned (and in every other which I have not mentioned) to antient Greece—I am exceedingly deſirous to complete this bright Crown of true greatneſs and glory, by pointing out how much the Newmarket races of England exceed the Olympic games of Greece.

To this great undertaking I was induced by reading the late ingenious Mr. Weſt's learned diſſertation on thoſe games. A work of great elegance and erudition, but deplorably deficient in

that

that it does not enter upon this comparison, so highly conducive to the honour of his native country, and at the same time so naturally arising from his subject. How an Englishman, not in French pay, and yet so capable of doing justice to his country, should miss so very inviting an opportunity, is to me really astonishing. In one page only (page 111) does he glance at a comparison of this kind, and that only in so slight and transient a manner, as barely to deserve notice.

Had this able writer, whose *powers* (permit me, droll Lexiphanes, the use of the word) were so eminently conspicuous, and so confessedly equal to the task, undertaken this subject, I had certainly declined it——

Oh had he risen on his wing of fire
Soar'd where I sink upon Newmarket race ground,
How had he blest mankind and rescued me!

What that excellent writer has unaccountably omitted to perform, I, though all unequal to the taſk, humbly endeavour to attempt—repeatedly declaring, that I hope to promote the honour of my dear country, by the evident ſuperiority, in various inſtances which I ſhall point out.

And if I ſhould be ſo happy as in any degree to promote this noble cauſe—

What muſt an author do if he wants words? He muſt do as when he wants money—borrow. And here Horace obligingly offers to lend me his—*Sublimi feriam ſidera vertice*—but I muſt decline the offer, for I cannot ſay that I admire the expreſſion; and own, with Voltaire, that I do not find any great beauty in his telling Mœcenas, that *he ſhould knock his head againſt the ſtars.*

A coun-

* A countryman of our own, who had more true wit, as well as more genuine goodneſs of heart than half the authors ancient or modern, that ever writ, will obligingly ſupply my want on this occaſion.

Should I then, in any degree, promote the glory of my happy country, " I ſhall be extremely apt, in the glad- " neſs of my heart, to buffet the moon, " and frequently take occaſion to exa- " mine my hat, to ſee if I have not " bruſhed a ſtar.

* Richardſon in his Clariſſa.

CHAP IV.

OF ANTIQUITY.

Dimidium facti qui bene cepit habet.
I forget who.

AS I am always prodigiously desirous to conform to the rules laid down by the exactest judges of good writing, I have, therefore, carefully observed Horace's precept of *Nonum prematur in annum* which if I understand it right (whereof some doubt may possibly arise) means *write three chapters of your work, and wait a year before you begin your fourth!*

If any young critic should here start up, and confidently assure me, that I have mistaken Horace's meaning, I have only to answer, with all the humility of a cri-

a criticized author, that I am as liable to miſtakes as any man living.

However, at this preſent writing, I do not chuſe to have my error corrected, becauſe the conſtruction I have given the words (I grant it wrong, Sir) ſuits my preſent occaſion better than any other.

It is, indeed, a ſerious truth, that I have waited (*demurred*, my gentle reader, if you be a lawyer; *deferred*, if you be a divine, and if a phyſician, *conſidered the caſe*) a full year between the aforeſaid chapters; for this there were two good reaſons, one which immediately concerns myſelf, and my own private affairs, and with which I ſhall not trouble my reader, for I look upon it to be full as much to his purpoſe, to be told that I was hindered by ill health, buſineſs, and ſo forth, as to

be informed that I dined yesterday at my own table upon roast beef—unless, indeed, such information might serve to establish some weighty truth, and prove, that if I can afford to treat myself in that manner, I am under no necessity —I need say no more.

The other reason, I shall fairly and honestly confess, to be neither more or less than actual inability; I was staggered with the greatness of my subject, knew not where to begin. Perplexed with the the choice of materials in the proposed comparison, and terrified with the apprehension of not doing justice to my subject, I dropt my pen; when or how to resume it, I knew not.

But animated at last with resolution, and casting the fear of critics behind

my

my back, I have (you ſee I have) once more taken it up.

Courage then: I have entered for the plate (to borrow a metaphor from my ſubject) and now to draw my Cour ſer, without ſtarting in the race, is a meanneſs which my ſpirit cannot brook.

Yet before the cord is dropt—let me reflect.

And, whilſt I take five minutes to conſider, the reader may, if he pleaſes, reflect too, upon the propriety of my borrowing a ſimile (a metaphor is a ſhort ſimile) from the ſubject before me, a beauty, which I think ſome learned critics have obſerved in Homer—and if the ſagacious reader diſcovers greater propriety in a metaphor picked up beſide me, than if I had gone a thouſand miles in queſt of it, he has my full con-

ſent to clap his wings, and crow over ſuch a diſcovery as long as he pleaſes—provided only that he be ready and willing to give me his attention to other matters, whenever I ſhall call for it.

Prepare to drop the cord, I'm ready—

" Stay, Sir, if you pleaſe one moment; " you have twice uſed the expreſſion of " *dropping the cord*—I beg to know the " meaning of it—"
See Weſt's Diſſertation, page the 60th
" But I have not got the book."

Then you muſt be told, that a cord, called *Huſpleex*, was ſtretched acroſs the Olympic ſtadium, and, at a ſignal given, was let fall at once, and the racers ſtarted.—

If I

If I were to deſcend to ſuch minute particulars in my work, I would deſire to know, whether this cord, with the hard name, was equally polite and proper with the elegant, ſilken ſtreamer, which is uſed on the plains of Newmarket?

But, my worthy reader, in order to prevent a great deal of trouble as well as interruptions, which fret me, I muſt beg the favour of you to purchaſe Mr. Weſt's book, the price is only three ſhillings; do ſend your ſervant to Mr. Dodſley's for it directly; and I am ſure we ſhall go on with a thouſand times more pleaſure and ſatisfaction, than if we were under the diſagreeable neceſſity of eternally enquiring and explaining.

—The

—The cord is dropt, and I am off—I have not the leaſt doubt of the venerable antiquity of Newmarket races. I am very certain that Brute, the Trojan, firſt brought theſe ſports into this iſland, and firſt inſtituted them upon theſe very plains.

For thus writeth that accurate and veritable hiſtorian, *Jacobus Aridelius Veyenſis*, who flouriſhed in the year 632, in his fifth book of Britiſh Antiquities, and 13th chapter, ſpeaking of Brutus—*Aſcera meles ſil dorak*, &c.—" He too inſtituted games in imitation of thoſe " which his grandfather Aſcanius would " relate (ſitting in his elbow-chair of a " winter's evening) as they were performed in the iſland of Sicily, by " Æneas and his companions; all of " which (—excepting only the ſea race, " which could not be conveniently exhibited

" hibited on the ſpot he choſe) he cele-
" brated upon the large and ſpacious
" plains near Borewell, Ixning, and Mole-
" town (for ſo I tranſlate Talpapolis)
" and added, to the number of them,
" the Horſe-race, which has * continued
" to this very day."

Thus far my hiſtorian, who expreſsly names the inſtitutor of theſe ſports, and points to the very ſpot—And though he doth not mention Newmarket, yet the learned in antiquities know very well, that the reaſon of ſuch omiſſion is, that

* The author a little further obſerves, that the learned Poet Virgil in his Æneids mentions the continuance of theſe games in his days, by ſaying that " in the ſame manner in " which the Trojans inſtituted them, ſo the people of Al-" bion taught them to their poſterity." As he quotes neither book nor verſe, I muſt own that I cannot find this paſſage in Virgil; but as I have not yet given over ſearching, I preſume by the time the twentieth edition of my book is publiſhed, I may be able to pleaſure the reader with it.

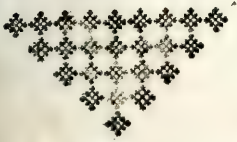
the

the town was not then in being—it was ſince built for greater convenience, and the market removed hither from a neighbouring place, whence it had the appellation of Newmarket.

If the reader thinks proper to call in queſtion the authority of my author to point out anachroniſms, &c. I cannot help it—but I would only aſk him if he has never read certain delectable hiſtories of antiquities, written by certain venerable authors (not undeſervedly rank'd with the hiſtory of *Whatfield* in Suffolk) and there been entertained and amuſed with authorities and accounts, equally well-founded with the above extract from Jacobus Aridelius?

And is not the veracity of the account, I have given, fixt upon, at leaſt, as firm a foundation as that of the original of the

the Olympic games? *Grecia Mendax* casts a foul blot upon the authority of the Greek hiſtorians, from Cteſias, the father of lies, to Herodotus, the author of a Romance, in nine books, which he was pleaſed humouroufly to call a hiſtory.



CHAP. V.

OF ELIS.

Tempus edax rerum, tuque invidiosa vetustas
Omnia destruitis. Ovid Metam.

THE veracity of my proof thus authorized, there can remain no doubt where the palm of antiquity is due. The first Olympiad bears date A. M. 3228, and Brute came into Britain 2855, near four hundred years before the Olympic Games were even thought of; so that it appears to be proved incontestibly that they succeeded the Newmarket races after a long interval of years—Nay, I know not but these Grecian sports were borrowed from Britain, and I should not despair of proving, by as diligent a search into ancient

ancient and authentic hiſtory as I have already been obliged to make, that Iphitus, their founder, came over to us for a pattern to proceed by; but this I muſt leave to thoſe who have more time for ſuch deep reſearches.

It is a misfortune never enough to be lamented, that a dark and impenetrable cloud of ignorance hangs over the hiſtory of theſe races (which are ſo confeſſedly the glory of England) from the year 632 to 1600, a long and lamentable hiatus! All hiſtorians, at leaſt all that I have met with, obſerve an unaccountable ſilence on this great ſubject, till the reign of James the Firſt, then it is that the miſt begins to diſperſe, and we find that bright Solomon of his age, dating ſome of his important letters from Newmarket, the ſcene of his ſports. Before

the

the days of this wife monarch, I find no mention—but I may be miftaken——

A CARD.

THE author prefents his moft refpectful compliments to the fociety of antiquaries, and begs the favour of them, if, in the courfe of their refearches into the mould of libraries, they have met with any thing relating to this fubject, before or about the year 1600, they would be fo obliging, as to communicate it to him by his bookfeller, and he will be fure to infert it in the very next edition, and add his grateful acknowledgements for the favour.

You fee, reader, I would omit nothing that may conduce to illuftrate, and fo forth—

—The fubject is of importance—

We

We have often heard of illuſtrating great things by ſmall, and ſometimes of comparing them; but that is always done with no ſmall ſubmiſſion, and begging pardon for the liberty.

Now I ſhall (in order to give the Grecian games all poſſible advantage) without formal introduction, or the leaſt apology for ſetting truth and falſhood upon an equal footing, immediately allow, that the exiſtence of Iphitus, the reputed founder of the Olympic Games, is no more equivocal than that of King James, who, we know, preſided at Newmarket.

Let us then compare the dignity of theſe Royal Preſidents——.

Stay—reach me that map; Iphitus, it ſeems, was King of Elis. Pray, where was this Elis?—"Are you not aſhamed,

" ſaid Socrates to a boaſter, to be proud of " an eſtate which is but a ſpeck in a map " of the country, and is not to be found in " a map of the world ?" much ſuch a ſpeck is this of Elis ; a ſpot, whoſe extent from Eaſt to Weſt was, at the wideſt, about eight and forty miles, and from North to South about ſixty ; the county of Kent would rival it in extent, and that of York annihilate its appearance.

And this is Elis :—Iphitus, the King of ſuch extenſive regions, muſt have been in point of honour and dignity, equal to one of the two Kings of Brentford ; and for the wiſdom of the man—to be ſure it was wonderfully ſhown in the inſtitution of boxing-matches, wreſtling, and foot races.—For as to the horſe-race, it was ſet on foot (on *hoof* I mean) long after Iphitus was crumbled into earth.

Now,

Now, ſhall I ſo far diſgrace my dear native country, or the ſacred memory of our Engliſh Solomon, as to ſet ſuch paltry domains as Elis, or ſuch a Broughtonian as Iphitus, in competition with either?

The ſpirit of an Engliſhman revolts at the very idea.

CHAP. VI.

AN ALTERCATION

Ταρβησεν; δε παρα πασι καππεσε θυμος.
Hom. Il. o.

'TIS a prodigious learned age, and exceedingly nice, and no leſs wiſe than nice, nor, alas! leſs ſevere than wiſe.—Now, that I have gone pretty briſkly through a few chapters of my work, I begin to dread the judging eye—a ſick faintneſs comes over my heart—I am horribly afraid—my beard (if I have one) turns white by inſtinct—What think you, my dear Sir? Suffer me, with a voice *(piano)* of the gentleſt humility, to beg your opinion—but for pity's ſake *(pianiſſimo)* let it be compaſſionate.

Now

Now I have thus beſpoke your favour, let me repeat my queſtion—my dear Sir what think you? "Why, I "really think, without prejudice or par- "tiality"— Sir, you encourage me prodigiouſly.

"You won't let me ſpeak—I really "think you have dwelt too much upon "the point of antiquity, and I cannot "but hint a doubt of the authority you "quote.

—Dwelt too much upon the point of antiquity! only think what a judge! You don't know, good Sir, the great, the inexpreſſible value of venerable antiquity; yet I think you either know or wiſh it. If you are nobly born, and reckon a train of anceſtors from Cadwallader, then you know it and won't conſider it; if you are of the lower rank,

and the head of your grandfather is loſt in a miſt, then you wiſh for it, yet won't apply it in the preſent caſe.—But conſider the great, the noble retroſpect antiquity affords——

Through the long Viſto of three thouſand years——

with the intrinſic worth of ruſt and mutilation. What makes the excellence of the maimed buſt but the marks of time and proofs of its antiquity? "Wants a "noſe! why, Sir, if it had a noſe I "would not give ſixpence for it."—And you doubt too the authority I quote.—your doubts, Sir, I cannot poſſibly help; but if you chuſe to give me the meeting at Scole Inn in Norfolk on the firſt day of April, 1772, I will wait for you there all the day with my hiſtorian in my hand (for out of my hand will I not part with it) and there will I ſhew you not only the book itſelf, but the very

paſſage

paſſage, whoſe exiſtence you ſo much call in queſtion.

But I warn you beforehand not to aſk me to lend you the book;—that I cannot poſſibly do—I ſet too high a value upon it—That ring, Sir, which ſparkles upon your finger, favour me with a ſight of it; I beg leave only to examine it in my own hands for five minutes.—"The "ring!—you may examine it upon my "finger if you pleaſe, but I muſt be ex-"cuſed taking it off"—I knew it, Sir, I knew it—your fair Arabella's—her token of love—an ineſtimable treaſure, dearer than light, and not to be truſted in other hands.—

—My book! you may examine it in my hands, if you pleaſe, but I muſt be excuſed putting it into yours;—my book is your ring—to ſo paſſionate a lover of

antiquity, as I am, it is an ineſtimable treaſure—If you ſee the book and read the paſſage, that muſt content you.

Will you be ſatisfied with this, worthy Sir? Or do you deſire I ſhould proteſt and ſwear till I am black in the face, like biſhop Burnet, that every word is true? You would only ſay, with the Queen in Hamlet,

Methinks the author doth proteſt too much—

And there is a coarſe and poſitive proverb, which deters me—*he that will ſwear will lye*—and for fear of the application to myſelf (I beg now I may not put it into your head to apply it to the biſhop's work) I will not ſwear at all.

It is my earneſt requeſt to my reader, that he would not imagine that this long Altercation was intended to paſs, or could be ſuppoſed to paſs, between him

and

and me—No, my dear Sir, you and I are better friends—you do not judge so severely, nor do I answer so flippantly. I only mean to shew you what some authors are—the generality of them will not bear reproof—an author is indeed a very irascible being—he will tell you perhaps that

" *Peace is his dear delight, not Fleury's more,*
" *But touch him, and no minister so sore.*"

CHAP. VII.

OF THE RACE-GROUND.

Natura Potentior omnibus iſtis.

Ovid Metam. L. 9.

ENTER we now upon the ſcene of action; the courſe itſelf demands our attention, to compare it with the Olympic ſtadium.

If much of pomp, oſtentation, pageantry and pride, demand regard; if narrow and ſtraitned boundaries, encircling the allotted ſpace with marble, perhaps (for here our accounts are wretchedly imperfect) be objects worthy of attention and reſpect, then we may allow

allow the Grecian Race-ground its ſhare of honour.

But it muſt be after (and with a long interval between) the plains of Newmarket have juſtly claimed and received their tribute of reſpect: Here nature, undebauch'd by art, ſpreads her ample boſom to receive her ſons, ambitious of renown; here no pillars of marble, no narrow and contracted limits, cramp the ſpirit of an Engliſhman; a wide and extenſive carpet is ſpread indeed, but it is ſpread by the hand of nature, as if on purpoſe to form a ſtage, every way fit for the ſcenes that are acted upon it.

Long and laboured are the deſcriptions given us by Pauſanias, and Wheeler, and Weſt of the Olympic Race-ground, but from what we can gather, with any certainty, it appears to have been the ſcene

of

of the amuſements of children rather than of men, when viewed, in compariſon, with the Courſe at Newmarket. It would be making a vain parade of learning, to enter into the particulars of the Grecian ſcene of diverſion, and it would beſides fatigue too much the attention of my Newmarket readers, whoſe heads are not to be ſet aching with intricate diſſertations, when I mean rather to enliven and animate them, with the great ſuperiority of their own ſcenes of amuſement, over thoſe of the moſt celebrated amongſt the ancients;—Suffice it, that I aſſure the reader, that the *Beacon Courſe*, the *Dukes Courſe*, nay, *Rowley's Mile*, are, by infinite degrees, beyond the celebrated ſpots where Greece uſed to aſſemble, and which poets and hiſtorians have ſtrove to render immortal as their writings—an attempt, the vanity of which time has ſhewn, for it has overthrown

the

the *immobile ſaxum*, and ſcarcely left the traces of former grandeur—This, by the way, is a fate that the Newmarket courſe need never dread, for as it is formed by the hand of nature, ſo will it remain

And flouriſh in immortal green,

till nature's ſelf ſhall fail, and only periſh with a falling world.

CHAP. VIII.

OF HUMILITY.

Laus vera humili ſæpe contigit viro.
Seneca in Thyeſte.

WHAT! Mr. Hume! Indeed my Philoſopher! ſo you really think that humility is * a *Monkiſh Virtue*; I proteſt, but for your information, I ſhould never have ſuſpected it, and forgive me if even now I preſume to heſi-

* See Hume's Eſſays.—If this reference ſhould be deemed unſatisfactory without page or line, I muſt ingenuouſly tell the reader that I have forgot them; the words I am ſure are Mr. Hume's, tho' I cannot refer immediately to them, yet they ſtruck me ſo forcibly that I am perfectly ſure of them; and after all it is but like a reference of his own, in the Eſſay on the different ſpecies of philoſophy. Page 15—ſee (ſays he) BUTLER'S SERMONS,

tate

tate in my assent. A virtue, that I have been used to look upon, as one of the noblest that can adorn the Christian —I beg your pardon, the *gentleman* I must be supposed to mean, when I address myself to you—This virtue I cannot give up to the solitary cloyster upon the *ipse dixit* of any philosopher, not even Mr. Hume.

But what is a *monkish* virtue? Let us fix ideas to our words, and yet not trouble my readers with definitions—I am pretty sure, with Mr. Hume, a monkish virtue means *no virtue at all*, nor shall I stay to debate this point, but allow him, with the utmost readiness, if it is merely monkish, to strike it out of the list of virtues at once.

But mark the consequence: if humility be no virtue, pride takes its place, and

and by the wonder-working magic of a philoſopher's pen, an angel of beauty vaniſhes from its ſeat, which a monſter of deformity fills in an inſtant.—But thus it is—a free-thinker's pen can perform wonders, and, like Harlequin's wand, by a ſudden motion, turn a bench of venerable Judges into a meeting of goſſiping old women.

"Gentlemen, take notice, ſays Mr. "Hume, humility is a monkiſh, and pride "a polite and genteel virtue."—and by the ſame happy art of ſneering aſſertion, the ſame polite author might, with equal juſtice, deprive every virtue under heaven of its ſeat, and place in it every vice which has diſgraced and degraded, and (in ſpite of the philoſopher) always will diſgrace and degrade the man even below the brute.—

Stop:

Stop—in the earneſtneſs of argument I have dropt my maſk:—Let me juſt ſtoop to take it up again, and I will go on immediately.

I wiſh that whimſical philoſopher had not come in my ſight; it is a vile thing when one is going on in a ſmooth and even courſe (like the plains of which I write) for a fantaſtical writer to thruſt his airy notions directly before us; (like a giddy ſpectator croſſing the courſe while the racers are in full ſpeed) if it does no worſe, it diſcompoſes, it throws one out of the way, and it is ten to one, but it throws one out of one's ſeat, and hazards diſabling us for reſuming it again.—

I do think a writer ſhould make a vow, never to read any book (except a good book—but what book do I mean,

reader?—The expreſſion is equivocal I own; not *eſſays moral and political* you may be ſure—) all the time he has any work in hand, eſpecially a work of ſuch profound utility as this, which I have here undertaken. However, to prevent miſchief, I have laid by the book you wot of, upon the higheſt ſhelf in my ſtudy, not to be taken down till this elaborate work of mine is perfectly completed——

Perfectly completed! a wit will ſay, "then it may lay by for ever"—Good! —let the ſmart ſaying paſs,

It may be true, but we'll proceed.

Let envy and malevolence ſay what they will, the frequenters of the races of Newmarket are a ſet of the moſt virtuous men living, in this very point on which we have been debating—Dukes! Earls! Marquiſſes!

Marquiſſes! Viſcounts! Baronets! all aſtoniſhing patterns of humility——

If you will not believe me, gentle reader, let us go on to the courſe together, and ſee if we cannot find examples.

Now look about you——

Do you ſee that ordinary looking man upon a little ſcrub poney, with a drab great coat, buttoned under his chin, and his hat flapped over his eyes?

"I do—and who is he?"

That, Sir, is Lord ——

"A Lord ſay you? Why I ſhould "have taken him for a thirty pound-a-"year farmer of the neighbourhood, "who had ſtolen an hour from rid-"ing over his grounds to view the "ſport."

You ſhou'd! ſee then how you were miſtaken, and all for want of knowing, ſo well as I do, the lowly ſpirit of that noble Peer.

But obſerve yon light and jemmy figure in neat buckſkin breeches and a fuſtian frock, who ſeems ſo actively buſy, and examines the horſes with ſo judging an eye.

"Well, and who pray is he?"

That is no leſs a man than his Grace ——

"His Grace's groom you mean."

I mean no ſuch perſon, it is his Grace himſelf, and if this be not a ſtrong example of humility in a Duke to lower himſelf down to the appearance of his groom, I deſire to be reckoned no better commentator on characters, than a certain deep philoſopher is a delineator of virtues.

It were endleſs to point you out characters thus eminent—the turf ſwarms with them——

But will you find ſuch inſtances of humble minds upon the Olympic ſtadium? There pomp and parade half, nay more than half, conſtituted the gaudy ſhow—There the laviſh pride of ———Hark! what thundering of horſes are thoſe which we hear at a diſtance! what ſhouts! what eager ſnortings of the ſtraining courſers—ſee they draw rapidly nearer; make room for the winged racers, or they will bear us down; oh, now I ſee who and what it is, it is only Lord BARRIER and *Sir* ARTHUR COLT, riding their own horſes a match which has been long depending.

"Only Lord BARRIER and *Sir* AR-
"THUR COLT, do you call it! what!

" do theſe honourable perſons deſcend
" to the office of jockeys ?"

Do they?—yes ſurely—and why not? They only take upon themſelves the office for which nature deſigned them, tho' fortune ignorantly placed them in a higher ſtation.—But would you deſire a ſtronger inſtance of ſenſe and of modeſt humility ?

How different, upon the compariſon, the company that frequented the Grecian courſe, muſt appear from theſe, I appeal to every reader. The deſcription of their ſolemn pomps and vain pageantry muſt amaze, as well as weary him, that has had the happineſs to frequent the Engliſh plains; yet, as it may ſerve to exalt the latter deſervedly above the other, I ſhall conclude this chapter with informing the reader, that the twelve

Stella-

Hellanodicks (it is a very hard word, but it means little more than clerks of the race) prefided at the games clothed in flowing robes of purple, wearing crowns upon their heads, and carrying in their hands the uſual enſigns of pomp and authority, a wand or ſcepter.

CHAP. IX.

OF DOUBTS.

Nothing so easy as in speculation,
And at a distance seen, the path of writing:
A fair delightful champain, strew'd with flowers,
But when the practice comes, the prospect roughens,
Then dreadful passes, craggy mountains rise,
Cliffs to be scal'd and torrents to be stem'd.

Thomson.

WHAT can we do now? Fresh matter of apprehension rises up before me, and I must pause———How will the ladies approve my work, or rather how can they approve, when there are many passages in a language unintelligible

ligible to them? And yet I long for their encouraging ſmile of approbation, without that, nothing is to be done; I wiſh I had thought of this before I began, but the choice of a ſubject is a difficult thing, and now I have pitched upon this honourable one, which, I confeſs,

Pleas'd me long chuſing and beginning late;

it is a vexatious thing to recollect, that I am morally ſure, at leaſt, half (and that the faireſt half) of the readers in England will not, indeed cannot, read my work; by this means I am deprived of that happineſs I prize ſo highly, of the ladies applauſe, and

Glory's, at one entrance, quite ſhut out.

N. B. If the reader is half as fond of Milton as I ſuppoſe he is, he will excuſe theſe two quotations (I mean a quotation and a parody) ſo cloſely following each other.

What

What a vile thing is this now! always ſomething or other thwarting and vexing a luckleſs author—If I go on thus, I looſe the faireſt part of my readers, and how to gain them I know not; how ſhall I unite this gordian knot?

To tell you the truth of the matter, gentle reader, the blank ſpace ſhould be filled up with a repreſentation of the diſtortions of a diſappointed author, the bitings of the nails, the ſtampings of the foot, and the ſilent leaning on the elbow with the pen in his mouth, the curl'd-up noſe, and the elevated eye—but fill it up yourſelf, I am gravelled—my pride is hurt—I run away from my ſubject, and ſhall go and feed the ducks in my pond for amuſement—Gone.—

What's

What's here? Read it, my dear Sir, read it and congratulate me.

You make difficulties where there are none; desire the gentlemen to explain to the ladies the Greek and Latin passages.

CLIO.

Dicite Io Pæan et Io bis dicite Pæan—there, gentlemen, is a line for you, at once to exercise your good nature and understanding.

This was fortunate indeed! this was *dignus vindice nodus*—I shall quote Latin and Greek now, without fear or care.

But, let me still my raptures and explain—this friendly hint did I find written, upon a fine silken paper in an exquisite hand, lying upon my manuscript, just at the scene of my distress; to be sure

ſure it muſt be written by Clio herſelf, and the pen

Muſt have been dipt in dew of Caſtalie,

for nothing leſs could have helped me out of a difficulty that ſeemed to me ſo unſurmountable—I proceed to make uſe of the advice, and thus addreſs myſelf, in the moſt reſpectful manner, to all the gentlemen in England, who are hereby deſired to ſuppoſe their proper titles affixed. To A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, W, X, Y, Z.

Gentlemen,

I beg it as a particular favour, that you would follow the fair inviſible's directions—This will animate me and pleaſe your fair friends. Need I mention any higher motive than the laſt? I am ſure I need not, and indeed I could not; for taking an opportunity to

diſplay

disfplay your own learning, is, I am certain, a much inferior motive with you, than conferring an obligation on the ladies.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,
The Author.

This knotty point thus unravelled, we now go on with our parallel; but we muſt begin another chapter, that the reader may, if he pleaſes, here take an opportunity to lay down the book and yawn.

CHAP. X.

OF PEDIGREE.

Atavos et avorum antiqua Sonantem
Nomina. Virgil.

NOW then we proceed *currente calamo*—tell the ladies, my good Sir, what that means.—

Would you think it? But it is actual fact, that no man was allowed to be a competitor, at the Olympic course, *who was a baſtard.* What an abſurd and preposterous prohibition! But theſe old Grecians had an unaccountable predelection for the honour of marriage—a rite, which the faſhionable part of mankind have

have long since ridiculed and explode—and which they have obligingly used their utmost endeavours, by the aid of an Act of Parliament, to annihilate amongst us.——

But none, it seems, were admitted candidates, who could not declare his father and mother, and prove that there was no bastardy or adultery in his lineage.

What! must a man come with his pedigree in his hand?—Yes certainly, and here is the form of one.——

Εγω δε ο χαρικλης ο υιος τω Ασονικω και της Αρισβης, &c.

——But I spare my reader and shall give it him in English.

"I Charicles, the son of Asonicus and "Arisbe, who were married in the temple "of Diana at Ephesus, which Asonicus "was the son of Thermas and Callinice,

"who

" who were married in the temple of Ju-
" piter at Elis, which Ariſbe was the
" daughter of Sophronimus and Cephiſa,
" who were married in the temple of
" Apollo at Delphi, which Thermas was
" the ſon, &c." ————————

Has the reader had enough of it? This is extracted from a very curious manuſcript, ſent over from the ſpot, and found amongſt ſome mouldring towers, by an Engliſh volunteer in the Ruſſian fleet, who communicated it to me, as a valuable anecdote, relative to the work, he knew, I had in hand.

Thus exact and ſcrupulous, in a point of honour, were the Greeks; not ſo, my wiſer countrymen; with them all diſtinctions are judiciouſly levelled, and high and low, noble and ignoble, legitimate and illegitimate, join in one promiſcuous throng; nor heed they, whether the per-

ſon

ſon, againſt whom they contend, or with whom they lay the bet, were born under the ſhelter of a barn, from a wandring trull, provided he has but money to anſwer the demands of the day.

But while the ſons of Newmarket are thus unconcerned about the genealogy of their company, they will examine, with the acuteſt eye, the pedigree of a horſe—of that they never omit to enquire; and if the animal has good blood in his veins, and can boaſt on his ſide a long line of illuſtrious anceſtors, he is indeed a valuable creature——

In order to match the Grecian pedigree, we ſhall preſent the reader with an authentic genealogy of a horſe, which will ſhew the deep care of a horſe-learned man, in this momentous point.

COMMONER,

" He was got by Rib, out of a daughter
" of the famous Belgrade, ſire of Volun-
" teer; his grandam by Johnſon's Ara-
" bian, his great grandam by Tiffter,
" his great great grandam by Old Haut-
" boy, his great great great grandam by
" Brimmer, his great great great great
" grandam by Diamond, his great great
" great great great grandam by Barb,
" his great great great great"———

I am out of breath with reciting—but here is care! Here is accuracy! How would one of the ignorant founders of the Olympic games, have been aſtoniſhed at ſuch a depth of hiſtorical learning, and how ready muſt they have been to have acknowledged the ſuperior judgement of the Engliſh in this grand point.

Hail

Hail ye venerable ſages of the Turf! Though ignorant in more trifling accompliſhments, deep-ſkill'd in that profoundeſt of all knowledge, the knowledge of a horſe. Proceed, ye diligent inveſtigators of horſe genealogy—ye cannot be too careful in matters of ſuch conſequence—the honour of Camillus is, indeed, worth your cloſeſt concern—turn your backs upon all other honour—for ſurely with you the breed, the blood, the honour of a horſe, ſhall be always held of a thouſand times more weight, than the breed, the blood, or than the honour of a man.

CHAP. XI.

A PROCLAMATION.

—Quid Rides? Fabula de Te
Narratur— Horace.

LET us, for a moment, tranſport ourſelves back two or three thouſand years, and ſee what is doing at the Olympic games; imagination will place us there in an inſtant, and I have no ſmall notion, but we ſhall ſee or hear ſomething curious.

"Genius of ancient Greece! Give me
"in raptured viſion to behold"———

But the buſineſs may be done without an invocation—and I fear the ſhade of Shafteſbury would ariſe and accuſe me

of

of pilfering, if I were to continue in this ſtrain.

But we are arrived, in fancy, at the Olympic courſe—what ſhouts of men! What neighing of horſes! What a clang and rattling of chariots! It is a buſy ſcene—but let us be more particular.

'St! Liſten a moment; what ſays that herald?—

* *Is there any one here who can accuſe this candidate of any crime? Is he a robber, or a ſlave? Or wicked and depraved in his life and morals?*—

Piſh! D—n the fellow, is that what he has to ſay?—

—But hold, why frowns my gentle reader? "Frowns, Sir! why did you

* See Weſt's Diſſertation, p. 155.

"not swear just now?" Did I? I protest to you I am ashamed; but see, my dear Sir, how hard it is, not to pick up the ill habits of one's company; for I assure you (but whisper it when you mention it again) that oaths are sometimes heard upon the Turf; and if you were to be upon the watch carefully for three days, I dare say you might pick up thirty, or at least twenty shillings, by levying the penalty for swearing.

But forgive me, reader, and I will hurt your ears no more with such porter-like language; let us return to the proclamation.

There certainly is something monstrous in thus exposing a person to the hazard of an accusation, from perhaps the very lowest of the people. It is very hard, that the most high and exalted characters

ters of the ſtate, muſt be liable to be called robbers and ſlaves—a thing that might poſſibly happen even in Greece :—but this was the conſequence of that vile love of liberty, for which they were ſo enthuſiaſtically ridiculous.

And what a wide opening for ſlander did it give, to enquire thus into a man's private character, whether he was depraved in his life and morals ?—But this too was the conſequence of that old faſhioned love of virtue, for which the ancient ſtates of Greece were ſo remarkable—The love of liberty, and the love of virtue ! Two antiquated paſſions ever wedded together, but fit only to dwell by the lake of Geneva, or in the craggy and cold regions of Switzerland.

No, my good friends of the Turf, enquiries like theſe are impertinent and ill-

mannered, and are beſides utterly uſeleſs; for a man may be a robber and a ſlave, and yet underſtand the laws of the courſe; he may be depraved in his life and morals, and yet keep very good running horſes.—Not that I would inſinuate, that if ſuch a rude proclamation as this, were to be made in the midſt of the polite circle, gathering round the horſes after the race is done, it would diſcompoſe, or diſconcert your virtuous minds. Would *Cacus* ſtart at the ſound of the word robber? No—for when did he ever plunder his groaning country? Would *Dromo* turn pale at the word ſlave? No—for when did he ever do the dirty work of one? Will *Fabius* and *Polydore* thruſt their fingers into their ears, ſet ſpurs to their horſes and fly at the words "depraved in his life and morals? No—for when did the one ever betray unſuſpecting innocence to ruin, or

the

the other aſcend, with twilight ſtep, the couch of adultery?

Why let the ſtricken deer go weep,
The hart ungall'd ſhall play——

If, indeed, it could be ſuppoſed, that any of the frequenters of the plains of Newmarket, gamed, drank, ſwore, kept miſtreſſes, or acted the part of Clodius, then the proclamation might, perhaps, affect them, but guarded as they are by the *brazen walls of innocence* (if you don't like the metaphor, friend, blame Horace, not me) it cannot touch them.—I was once converſing with a friend upon the ſubject of this ſingular proclamation, and I own he rather differed from me in his opinion concerning it (—by the way, my friend has ſomething of the ſeverity of a Cynic in him—) "If, ſays he, —with the "ſtrength and ſterneſs of a Jewiſh "prophet,—"this ſentence was pro-"claimed upon the plains of New-

market,

Newmarket, it would "*ſweep them with* "*the beſom of deſtruction.*"

But you and I know better——

Much wiſer, however, are the gentlemen of the Engliſh Turf, in not admiting ſuch an abſurd cuſtom of public enquiry, than the ancient Grecians who adopted it. It muſt be acknowledged that it would be very abſurd, to ſubject any gentleman to cenſure, by a Cryer with his *O yez, is there preſent any robber or ſlave, or depraved in his life or morals?*

Very abſurd no doubt; for who knows what the licentious tongue of calumny might utter on ſuch an occaſion!

CHAP XII.

OF DUELLING.

But hark! What groan was that? Ye furies riſe,
And drown, in your leſs execrable yell,
Britannia's ſhame.——

Young.

OH, certainly; there can be no doubt of it; the duelliſt is a coward; the man that gives or receives a challenge is, beyond all queſtion, a moſt deſpicable coward and poltroon.—

"This, cries an aſtoniſhed patron of "modern courage, is a ſtrange aſſertion, "and is much eaſier to affirm than to "prove; beſides, if it could be proved, "what

" what is it to the purpose, and how " does it relate to your subject?"

If, my good Sir, you will attend to my proofs, I have no fear of making them good to your satisfaction; and, when that is done, I will prove what I said upon the point, to be entirely to the purpose, and to relate quite naturally to my subject—Only let me desire of you, if you are convinced—but I need not desire it, for I am sure then you will withdraw your admiration (which will sink into contempt) of the courage of John Orlando, Martin Quixote, Frederick Mambrino, and a long &c.

CHAP. XIII.

OF COWARDICE.

——*Neque vivus*
Neque mortuus sum, nec quid nunc faciam scio,
Neque ut hinc abeam, neque ut ad hanc rem
Adeam scio.—Timore torpeo.

Plautus Truculent.

NO man ever engages in a duel, but he is influenced by his own notions of courage and honour.

It is my business to prove those notions mistaken—he thinks himself a man of courage, I think him the direct reverse.

And what will our gentlemen homicides think, if it should appear, notwithstanding

ſtanding the faſhionable inſtitutes to the contrary, *that to give or to receive a challenge, is a certain and indiſputable mark of cowardice.*

True courage, ariſes not from animal ſpirits, but from reaſon—Pray mind—for if this be not allowed, then all diſtinctions between man and brute are levelled at once, and the grim maſtiff, or the ſurly bull, will appear to be as much *beaſts of honour*, as any ready ſwordſman of them all.—

The officer, who, at the head of his troops, marches on intrepid in the face of danger, deſerves the noble title of a man of *true courage*—and why?—Becauſe his courage is *founded on reaſon*, as he acts from a ſenſe of duty to his country; which is a call ſuperior to his love of

life

life.—On the other hand, if he fails, draws back, or flies in the hour of danger, he is a coward, becauſe he acts *contrary to reaſon*, in preferring a paltry life, to that duty which he owes the public.

This is real courage, and real cowardice—and words are moſt horribly perverted, whenever they are otherwiſe applied.

Now, conſidering the matter in this juſt light, I would fain know what poſſible title the duelliſt can have to courage, or how will he avoid the imputation of cowardice?

What claim can he lay to courage, who acts from no nobler ſpirit, than the maſtiff or the bull? Who ſo far from acting upon a ſenſe of duty,

throws

throws all duty behind his back? Who, *contrary to all reaſon*, for the ſake of revenge, diſregards his duty to his country, and heeds not the tender calls of private affection—inſenſible to the agonizing diſtreſs of a dear and afflicted family.—But the point is too tender to be further urged—compaſſion, for ſuch hapleſs victims, ſtops the trembling hand—Yet is not language perverted, if ſuch a man as this is allowed to be a man of courage?

Yes then; the real truth of the matter is, the poor man is a *perfect coward*—he is actually afraid—afraid of a ſhadow—as timorous as an afrighted infant—afraid of the ill-grounded reflections of malice, the fooliſh and mean ſneers of ignorance and inſolence; more afraid of theſe, than of a breach of every ſocial duty, every law divine and human.—If

ſuch

such a man is not a coward, then lives there not a coward upon the face of the earth; if such a one is allowed to act upon motives of reason, then folly, reason, and madness, are all of them synonimous terms. The duellist, therefore, must give up all title to courage——

CHAP. XIV.

OF POLITENESS.

Huic modo ne prosit quod ut est hebes esse videtur. Ovid.

—Nec sinit esse feros Ovid.

STAY, stay, my good Bobadil, I have not done with you yet; let me just hint to you, that you have no more title to sense and understanding, than you have to real spirit and courage.

Shall I talk to you of religion? Religion you have none; you may, indeed, call yourself a christian if you please, and so may the uninformed and savage Indian, but I am not obliged to credit either the one or the other.

There

There is indeed no inſtance that can, in any degree, come up to the folly and abſurdity of your behaviour.—But if the guilty murderer, who might avoid juſtice, ſhould inſolently appear at the bar, and challenge condemnation from the judge; if he, I ſay, be allowed a *man of ſenſe*, then will we grant the ſame allowance to the duelliſt, who ruſhes on to certain death—and what think you, my man of underſtanding, if there be an Hereafter, of plunging into it with the complicated guilt of malice and murder upon your head?

"But is not duelling a mark of politeneſs and gentility?" No doubt but it is—a mark of *modern* politeneſs, for I am ſure that ancient Greece and Rome, wanted this barbarous urbanity.

If Goths, indeed, and Vandals, from whom the ſavage mode took riſe, be models of politeneſs, then, in the name of all that is elegant, be its delicate elegance allowed—and if the example of our polite neighbours, the French, be urged—(by the way, they are moſt certainly, in this inſtance, what they have been pleaſed to call us, *the ſavages of Europe*) I ſhall beg leave only to borrow the anſwer of Fluellin, in the play "If "the enemy is an aſs, and a fool, and a "coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that "we ſhould alſo, look ye, be an aſs, and "a fool, and a coxcomb in your own con-"ſcience now?"

Now I have thus clearly laid down theſe indiſputable points, who ſhall draw the natural concluſion from the premiſſes? The duelliſt, aſſertor of modern honour, ſhall be the judge in his own cauſe—

but

but, if it appears that he is a *coward*, a *blockhead*, and a *ſavage*, which will he condemn; himſelf, or the juſt reſult of ſolid reaſon?

It is notorious, that a man, who has had the ſenſe and courage to decline accepting a challenge, has yet given evident proofs of real ſpirit, by facing death, with the utmoſt heroic intrepidity, amidſt the horror and confuſion of conflicting armies——

Nor is it a leſs known fact, that a creature, who has falſely been thought to have courage, becauſe he has engaged in a duel, has yet proved the truth of what I have here aſſerted, and betrayed the concealed coward, by the meaneſt puſillanimity in the day of battle.

CHAP. XV.

A DISCOVERY.

Duplex libelli dos eſt quod riſum moret,
Et quod prudenti vitam conſilio monet.

Phædrus.

"GRANTED—I agree to the truth
"of what you have ſaid, and
"ſhall, for the future, look upon the
"duelliſt, in point of courage, as
"*A monſter mix'd of inſolence and fear*;
"*A dog in forehead, but in heart a deer*;
"and, with regard to his ſenſe and po-
"liteneſs, I ſhall put him upon the ſame
"footing with Silenus's hobby-horſe for
"the one, and with the Siberian bear
"for the other. But what is all this to
"the purpoſe, or how does it relate to
"the Newmarket Turf, or the Olympic
"ſtadium?"

This,

This, Sir, I promiſed to tell you, and this I will tell you;—only let me juſt aſk you—but why ſhould I aſk you? I cannot ſuſpect you of ſo ungenerous a thought;—I will not, therefore, dwell upon it, only I beg leave to aſſert, that I would tear my work into a thouſand pieces, and ſcatter it to the winds of heaven, if I thought, I could be ſuſpected of writing a ſyllable, or even a letter, from ſo unworthy a motive, as a deſire of filling up a vacant page.

Tonſon, who is himſelf a wit,
Counts writers merits by the ſheet,

ſays the witty Matt. Prior, of the bookſellers of his days—and he might ſay the ſame, perhaps, of the bookſellers of ours, as far as I know, for I am but little (before this work makes its appearance I ſhall be better) acquainted with them; but that a writer himſelf ſhould ſo count his own merits, (however if he does,

nobody elſe will) is abſolutely the meaneſt and vileſt, of any thing mean and vile.

No, my good reader, I give you my word, that my deſign was (how I have executed it you muſt judge) to expoſe an execrable cuſtom, as it deſerves to be expoſed; and I took occaſion from my ſubject, (I will tell you how it aroſe from thence preſently) to expoſe it, in all its infamous colours.

But let me now diſcover a ſecret, which, if I had told at firſt, my book had been lain down, in a moment, unread; and I might have put, or rather my Newmarket reader would have put for me,

Veſtibulum ante ipſum primoque in limine Finis.

It is this—that this little treatiſe, is leſs a compa-

comparison between Newmarket races, and the Olympic Games, than a mirror held up to vice and folly—

in which may be seen
The very form and pressure of the times.

Had I said this at first, I had been unread by those, whom I would chiefly wish to read me; but now, allured by the title, many a gay lover of the Turf, will enter upon my work with alacrity; and some, I flatter myself, be surprised into virtue, and shamed out of vice;—not but that I must still expect, that there are who will be heinously angry, at meeting with hints of morality, where they hoped to find improvements of a different kind, and complain, with master Slender in the play, that "instead of "sweet Ann Page, they have picked up a "great lubberly post-master's boy."—

I own

I own I think it an honeſt deceit, (and perhaps, the only deceit that can be honeſt) thus to cheat a thoughtleſs reader, who perhaps, but for ſuch a deceit, had never thought at all; who, if in the liſtleſs and indolent hour between the Turf and the Maccaroni, throws himſelf, almoſt at length, upon the ſettee, and takes up a book—if, in that book, good comes upon him unawares, it may make the deeper impreſſion; and, by conſequence, take a happy effect upon his mind;—Thus

To do good by ſtealth,

is, I confeſs, my deſign; and who is there, that will not bid ſuch a deſign, God ſpeed?—

As to the particular ſubject of dueling, I took fire at ſight of the ceſtus, or boxing-match, which was a legal duel on the Olympic ſtadium; and I take occaſion

caſion to urge it, as an inſtance of negative ſuperiority in our public ſports, over thoſe of Greece, that we have no ſuch licenſed cuſtoms—with us it is ſufficient, that no public encouragement is given to murder—we chuſe politely to engage each other in a private manner, remote from public view, and, unambitious of ſpectators, attack an adverſary in a gravel-pit, or behind an unfrequented wall—and not in the coarſe and rude manner of the Grecian ceſtus, with fiſts, bound round with leather, and loaded with lead, but with the genteel inſtruments of ſword and piſtol, which are, at leaſt, as efficacious, and not half ſo unpolite.

But mark—I urge it, that the Grecian Games, are, in this point, inferior to our's, becauſe we have *not* an evil cuſtom which they had—If you object to this negative compariſon, ſhew me by what

what authority you juſtify the following of our great Poet—

——*Though with them better pleaſed*
Than Aſmodeus, with the fiſhy fume, &c.

and if a compariſon agrees but in one point, your critics allow, that it is not neceſſary, that it ſhould in all—a method, by which they juſtify likeneſſes very unlike, and of which I deſire at preſent to take advantage, by ſheltering myſelf, under the authority of the ſaid great critics, who ſurely will not deny me that favourable licence, which they have, with ſo much ſagacity, allowed to Homer.—

Beſides—Why may not I, pray, as well as honeſt *Montaign*, promiſe one thing in the title, and give another in the work? If, indeed, I promiſed ſomething, and produced nothing (which, believe me, has been done) a cavilling

reader

reader would have room to cry out upon improprieties, &c.——

And I am ſure, after all, there is yet one ſtrong relation, between duelling and horſe-racing—for quarrelling and duels, are as natural and genuine conſequences of Gaming and Newmarket, as heat of the ſultry ſummer, or pinching cold of the dreary and deſolate December.

CHAP. XVI.

Of CONVERSATION.

Now this is worſhipful ſociety.

Shakeſpeare.

THE large and numerous aſſemblies upon the plains of Olympia, had, it ſeems, a deeper deſign, than we were at firſt aware of—for thus ſays Mr. Weſt *—"they met to deliberate, and conſult "upon the ſtate, &c."—Doubtleſs a very wiſe and proper deſign, but it may admit of a queſtion, whether the ſcene they choſe for their deliberations, was quite ſo ſuitable and proper as might have been wiſhed;—be that as it may, it muſt be imagined, that upon the courſe, theſe were not their ſubjects of deliberation; and when off it, at their lodgings,

* Page 273.

and

and Maccaronies of Olympia, we of Newmarket, I have not the leaſt fear, can exceed them both in the weight of our ſubjects of converſation, and in our manner of handling thoſe ſubjects.

"My Lord, what think you? Did "not Oſmyn afford excellent ſport to "day?"

"Why, Sir Charles, pretty good I "think—but we have an irreparable loſs "in poor Jethro—the Turf never ſaw "(felt, I ſhould ſay) his fellow, nor ever "will again."

"No! What do you think of Eclipſe, "who makes ſuch a noiſe? Would not "he extinguiſh, or, at leaſt, darken Je-"thro's fame?"

"Nay, that I can't ſay—this I know, "that if I were maſter of Eclipſe, I "would

" would not take three thouſand guineas
" for him—But did you ſee Captain Ri-
" der's filly upon the courſe yeſterday?
" What a beautiful creature! Can you
" tell what horſe it was got by?"

" No, I never heard."

" Well, you talk of three thouſand
" guineas for Eclipſe, but if that filly
" were mine, no money ſhould purchaſe
" it—I ſhould indeed be a happy man—
" I ſhould
Love it beſt of all things—but my wife.

" Well added, my Lord—but here
" comes Lord PEDIGREE, and Sir
" GEORGE ARID, they can give us
" the hiſtory of the Captain's filly;—Sir
" GEORGE do you know what horſe—
" but you ſeem not to mind me—What
" concerns the man?"

" Concerns

"Concerns me, Sir Charles?—No-
"thing but what concerns every man—
"Intelligence is just received, that the
"French are making preparations."—

"Only mind him, my Lord;—when I
"talk to him of matters of real impor-
"tance, he tells me of such trifles as
"French preparations.—But you, Lord
"PEDIGREE, I dare say, will give
"me your attention and intelligence—
"Can your Lordship tell me what horse
"Captain Rider's filly was got by?"

"Yes, Sir—by Mr. Smith's Barb."

"Nay, My Lord, excuse me, but
"that is impossible—Barb never got a
"good colt in his life."

"That, Sir Charles, may be your
"opinion—but I think differently; I

" have some excellent colts of his now
" in my possession, and in a stud, which
" I look upon as the best in the kingdom,
" I assure you, Barb's descendants hold
" the foremost rank."

" Pish !"

" Why, Baronet, you may pish again
" if you like it; but I am certain Barb
" has as good blood in his veins, as any
" Peer, horse I mean, in the kingdom;—
" wasn't he got by Draco, out of a
" daughter of Selim's Arabian, his sire
" by Flip, his grandsire by Lothario, his
" great grandsire by Archer, and thus
" for five generations further could I go
" to prove the nobility of his blood; but
" if you are not deaf to conviction, this
" may convince you, and if you are,
" five thousand descents will never do
" it."

" Upon

"Upon my word, my Lord, I admire "your memory, and reſpect your "learning."

Converſation like this, it muſt be confeſſed, is infinitely ſuperior, to the abſurd and inſignificant ſubjects, upon which the old Greeks exerciſed their thoughts, and with which they entertained each other at their public meetings. "It may be ſo, cries a petulant "reader, but where lies the wit of it?"

Excuſe me, my good Sir, If I anſwer your queſtion by another—"Where lies "your underſtanding?" Where lies the wit indeed?—In the horſe to be ſure—Where ſhould it lie? Beſides, do you think that Noble Peers, Members of Parliament, and men of the firſt rank and education in the three kingdoms, would converſe without wit, tho' you happen

to be so unfortunate as not to discover it? Yes, yes, my friend, be assured this dialogue, which I have given, is no less sensible, weighty, and witty too, than it is real;—Real, I repeat, for believe me, you might have heard it at the last Newmarket meeting, and may at the next; nay, and it might have been heard for thirty years past, allowing for the change of men and horses in the time, and may be heard (allowing as before allowed) for thirty years to come.——

And can you desire a stronger proof of the sense and elegance of that conversation, which has lasted, and will last for so many years, and never pall by constant successive repetition?

"But, says a brother of the Turf, this "conversation cannot be real; for there "are horses talked off, which never had being,

"being, and others brought together, "which lived at the distance of many "years."

Ah, brother of the Turf, this objection is nothing;—I repeat, the conversation is real, and you know it to be real; you yourself have born a share in it, above a thousand and a thousand times; and as for the inaccuracies you mention, it would be insulting you to talk of the anachronism, which Virgil was guilty of, in bringing Æneas and Dido together; but I give up the inaccuracies; the conversation is no less real because they are in it, I pretend not to exactness of this sort; if you desire that, go to Messrs. Pond and Heber, in the knowledge of whose astonishingly learned treatises, I acknowledge myself to be deplorably deficient, and you, Sir, to be infinitely my superior.

CHAP. XVII.

OF TIME.

Decies repetita placebunt. Horace.

THE Olympic Games, I think, were celebrated but once in four years; this certainly muſt be deemed extremely negligent in the Greeks, and muſt ariſe only from a want of a true taſte for pleaſure. I dare ſay ſome long-bearded ſage of Greece would give it as a reaſon, that once in four years, was even too often to collect a multitude of the lower ſort of people, away from their neceſſary labours and occupations, and full often enough, for the men of ſuperior rank and fortune, to waſte their time in ſcenes of amuſement—that time (would a Socrates, or a Plato think) which were much

much better employed, in improving their minds, and cultivating the moral duties of life.

So let the long-bearded ſages of Greece ſay, and ſo let a Socrates or a Plato think. We, the wiſer ſages of England, (though without beards) ſay and know better; we ſay, that pleaſure and diſſipation, cannot be too eagerly purſued.—

Improvement of minds, truly, and cultivation of morals! Matters worthy the conſideration of a parſon perhaps, or a fellow of no ſoul, who lives in a ſtate of perpetual ruſtication, but utterly undeſerving the attention or care of him, who can enjoy the noble, and more rational pleaſures of the Turf.

Be it known, therefore, to you, ſages of Greece, by whatever names or titles

ye are diſtinguiſhed—Iphitus, Ariſtodemus, Plato, or Socrates, or what you will, that once in four years was a mighty fooliſh inſtitution, ſtupid, dull, lethargic, and ignorant;—We hereby inſiſt upon it, that twice in one year, is a wiſe inſtitution, three times ſtill wiſer, (thanks to the memory of him, that added the ſhort meeting in July) and frequent private matches and meetings, the wiſeſt of all.—For can there be too much of what ſo confeſſedly adminiſters univerſal delight?

CHAP. XVIII.

OF FRAUD.

Fraus Curſibus omnis abeſto.

Statius.

Let there be no fraud in the Race—

WAS a rule in the Olympic Games, which bids fair to claim equal merit, with the eſtabliſhed rules at Newmarket—but the Grecian practice, of this excellent rule, can by no means ſtand in competition with ours, who are ſo well known never to admit the leaſt, and moſt diſtant appearance of any thing that may look like fraud.—It would make your hair ſtand an end, my good reader, to hear of the inſtances of villainous fraud, attended with barba-

rity,

rity, that the annals of the Olympic courſe could afford you.——

What ſavage inſtances of breaking toes, and ſnapping fingers, does Mr. Weſt give us;—I declare, inſtead of calling all the world Barbarians, except themſelves, theſe haughty Greeks better deſerved the title, than any other nation whatever;—Witneſs the deteſtably ſavage ſtory of Creugas and Dramoxenus;—I can't tell it you: If you have a curioſity to ſee it, turn to your book, and in the 90th page of the Diſſertation, you will find a tale

To harrow up your ſoul, and freeze your blood:

A tale, which I will venture to ſay, cannot be equalled in all the accounts of the wildeſt Indians, be they Tomohawks, Creeks, or Cherokees—and yet theſe Grecians called themſelves polite and civilized.—

'Tis true, the Judges of the ſports diſgraced the ſcoundrel hero of the tale, but that a Grecian ſhould be guilty of ſo baſe an action—Phoh! *the wife of Cæſar ſhould not even be ſuſpected.*

Now where will you find the leaſt ſpot of fraud or deceit, that can be produced to ſtain the unſullied honour of a Newmarket name?——

Did you ever hear of ſuch a thing as cheating upon theſe ſpotleſs plains? Fraud and deceit! Words of deteſted and of almoſt unintelligible ſound! See how the pure and the inflexibly honeſt Lords X, Y, Z, &c. lift up their untainted hands, and aſtoniſhed eyes at the very mention of the words! How Sir G—, Sir F—, Sir H—, and Meſſrs. I, K, L,

M, N,

M, N, croud round, and aſk, with attentive eagerneſs, what thoſe *new words* were, which they never before heard of? The words, my honourable friends, were indeed new words at Newmarket, for when were fraud and deceit ever known there? Who ever heard of ſuch a thing as jockeying; of bribing the rider to play booty, to loſe the race, on purpoſe that his maſter, at ſecond-hand, might win more betts, than the money, which a victory on the Turf, would have procured him;—who ever heard of a rider's throwing away part of his weight, or tearing his pocket that the ſhot might run out? Who ever heard of ſuch deep knowledge in villainy, as underſtanding to a pint, how much water, given to a horſe before he ſtarts, will blow him, and make him fail in the courſe; and who ever heard of ſuch

dirty

dirty theory being brought into practice? Numberleſs, indeed, are the inſtances of paltry roguery, which may have been heard in ſome diſtant region, but which certainly never appeared upon the untainted plains, whoſe ſpotleſs honour it is my pride to celebrate.

And were I to ſtep out of my way a little, and follow the generous and noble frequenters of the Turf to their evening retirements, there, while I might ſee them paſſing off, innocently, the tedious hours in relaxing amuſements, yet ſhould I never (who will dare to ſay that I ſhould ever?) ſee them renounce, revoke, or hide a card; yet ſhould I never (who will dare to ſay that I ſhould ever?) behold them palm falſe dice upon an unſuſpecting player—No—theſe, and more like theſe, are the deteſted arts of paltry fouls;

ſouls; but they are, certainly, ſuch as never preſumed to enter the ermine-like boſom of a Newmarket gameſter.

The palm of honour and uncorrupt integrity, is due to us, therefore, preferably to the ancients. The luſtre of the untainted virtue, ever to be met with on the Engliſh Turf, eclipſes the at beſt ſuſpicious dignity of the Grecian courſe, which, thus ſet in competition,

Hides its diminiſh'd head.

"Lay a heavy fine upon him convicted "of bribing an adverſary!" Yes, certainly, ſage Grecians, ye acted with prudence, becauſe with you ſuch things had been done, and might be done again;—But with us no ſuch law was ever enacted (upon the ſame grounds with that wiſe legiſlator, I forget his name, who framed no law againſt parricide)

cide) becauſe with us, no one could ever be ſuppoſed to be guilty of fully-ing his pure character with ſo ſooty a crime.——

Cedite Graii——

CHAP. XIX.

A TRIUMPHANT ENTRY.

Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat:
Quid si vidisset Prætorem curribus altis
Extantem, et medio sublimem in pulvere circi?

Juvenal.

"BEAT down the walls (said once "King—John, I think) the door "is too far about"——

"Beat down the wall, (said too) the "haughty Olympic conqueror; that city "in which I live, has no occasion for "walls"——And, reader, as sure as you stand, or most likely sit, there alive, his complaisant countrymen indulged these high airs, and made a breach in their walls,

walls, to admit the doughty conqueror at his public return to his own city.

But hear a little of this public entry—it may divert you perhaps.—

* The hero, when arrived at his place of reſidence, cavalcaded it through a large breach made in the walls, in an open chariot, drawn by four horſes; dreſſed in an embroidered robe, and crowned with a garland of olive, and bearing in his hands a branch of palm, while all his fellow citizens marched in pompous proceſſion to meet him, wearing on their heads chaplets of flowers, and ſtrowing the way with herbs, leaves, and garlands.

And now, what was all this for? It was as an acknowledgement of his merit, in having beat an antagoniſt's teeth down

* See Weſt's Diſſertation, page 190.

his throat, or thrown a quoit further than another, or for his agility and art in laying a greasy enemy upon his back. Excellencies sure well worthy the public honours of assembled Greece, or the united acclamations of the city, which a hero, of this kind, honours with his presence.———Now pray take notice, gentle reader, that I here lay claim to a negative superiority, for my favourite friends of Newmarket, in not admitting, into their scenes of diversion, such barbarous, beastly, and indecent exercises.

Indecent, I repeat—for however unwilling you may be to believe it, I do assure you, Sir, it is no less true than strange, that the competitors engaged absolutely naked, and besmeared with oyl and mud, in the midst of ten thousand spectators——

—What Hottentots!

Yet,

Yet, after all, I don't think it would be much amiſs, if ſomething, like the honorary cavalcade, which I have juſt deſcribed, were inſtituted at Newmarket.

—It would be very pretty to ſee my Lord PEERLESS, Sir William WISE, Mr. LACKLAND, entering the town of Newmarket, each upon his own winning horſe, in elegant proceſſion, and parading it ſide by ſide; wearing a ribbon in his hat, tied in form by the hands of ſome favourite fair one, and of the ſame colour with the jacket of the fortunate rider of his horſe; nor would the ladies of the place (ſome of whom nature has graced with elegant forms and beautiful faces) make an inconſiderable part of the grandeur of the ſhow, crowned with roſes, ſcattering profuſely flowers along the way, and ſinging the immortal, and

well-deſerved praiſes of him who is maſter of a good horſe.

Delightful! What a ſcene! Methinks I have it immediately before my eyes.

Auditis! an me ludit amabilis
Inſania——

Methinks I hear the full chorus of ſweet voices, fuller than the full ſounds of a diſtant organ, and ſweeter and ſofter, than the ſweet and ſoftly dying ſtrains of the Æolian harp. And ſee the happy heroes of the day, with what eager joy they taſte the honours of it!—What delight flushes acroſs their cheeks and ſparkles in their eyes!—How fully ſeem they to enjoy the pleaſing congratulations of the fair choir. See each

With ſlow, but ſtately, pace keeps on his courſe,
And oft from one ſide to the other turning,
Bowing much lower than his proud ſteed's neck,

Beſpeaks

Beſpeaks them thus—I thank you country women:
And thus, ſtill doing thus, he moves along:

But whither has pleaſing imagination carried me! To ſcenes, which, though yet unreal, I could wiſh to behold; and which they who have not the good fortune to ſee, may yet have a full account of in the public papers; indeed I hope for the ſatisfaction of ſeeing ſoon in thoſe papers, an article to the following purpoſe.

NEWMARKET, *April*, 1772.

The newly inſtituted cavalcades, were performed this ſeaſon with aſtoniſhing brilliancy. The owners of the winning horſes added a fine band of muſic to the proceſſion, which heightned the pleaſure of the ſcene. The choir of ladies was exquiſitely pleaſing; Mrs. **** and

Miſs

Miſs ****, were thought the moſt beautiful figures of the number, and Miſs *** and Miſs **** Miſs ***, were judged to have the moſt agreeable voices. We are exceedingly obliged to the author of the *parellel*, for hinting ſo charming a thought, which the gentlemen have ſo readily realized.

At preſent, inſtead of all this, a very different ſcene is preſented to the expecting ſpectator—After the race is over, the honourable perſon, who owns the winning horſe, is quietly content with ſilently putting the money, which he has gained, into his pocket, and the noble animal is led back through the ſtreets of Newmarket, with no other parade than a boy, with a ſilk handkerchief on a ſtick, and another beating a drum before him.

But all this ariſes from that ſingular modeſty, ſo remarkably eminent in the brethren of the Turf, don't you think it does, my good reader?

"Pray, good Mr. Author, why do you "aſk ſo many queſtions?"—my dear Sir, I will tell you that I have many reaſons for it, the firſt and principal of which, I would deſire you to imagine, is a willingneſs to be informed, and a wiſh to find my opinion the ſame as your's—I love to go ſmoothly and peaceably on, and without diſagreeing with my companions in the way; it makes ſociety ſmooth and pleaſant, and why ſhould not our newly commenced acquaintance prove ſo? I, for my part, will do all in my power to make it ſo, and do you, Sir, cheriſh the ſame friendly diſpoſition, and then never fear——

It ſuits too my genius (at leaſt I think it does) which running even with my temper and diſpoſition, delights to ſport itſelf in the eaſy, the friendly, and the familiar.

Add to this that faſhion, the grand arbitreſs of modern ages, authorizes this mode of writing, which numberleſs writers have adopted from the late Mr. Sterne, who ſullied the ſhining blade of his inimitable wit with groſs indecency, to the author of *The Adventures of a Bank Note*, who, in dreſs and figure, mightily like the angry and pains-taking gentleman in the head piece, to the 2d. volume of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, and with a weapon marvellouſly ruſty, and hacked like Falſtaff's dagger, ſtrikes at the marble pillars of virtue, modeſty, and religion.

Chap. XX.

Of Garlands.

Veluti in Speculo. Terence.

NOW, Sir, if you pleaſe, I will ſhew you my *proteontic* mirror—

"But pray, what is a proteontic mir-
"ror? it is a horrid hard name"——

Oh, Sir, Opticians will affix hard names to their inſtruments; but you have read no doubt, (if you have not, I heartily wiſh, for your entertainment, that you had) in the elegant poem, called the *Squire of Dames*, concerning the wonderful mirror of Merlin—that

was

was a * *Tateontic* one; and as that would ſhow you any perſon living in the *preſent times*, and what he or ſhe was doing; ſo mine will ſhew you any perſon or perſons who lived in the *paſt times*, and what he, ſhe, or they were doing at the time you wiſh to behold them—And this mirror of mine has this property beyond all others, that you may not only ſee them, but you may at the ſame time hear every word they ſay; and all this, though they lived ſo long ago as three thouſand years, or at ſo immenſe a diſtance from you as three thouſand miles; thus annihilating at once both *time and ſpace*, which Mr. Pope, in the exuberance of his ridicule, thought both abſurd and impoſſible.

There is too another kind of mirror, which, now we are upon the ſubject, I

* Ὃς ἠδη τα τ' εοντα, τα τ' εσσομενα, προ τ' εοντα.
Hom. Iliad, l. i.

ſhall

shall just take notice of (by the way there are but three kinds in the world—) called the *Essomenic*—which has the singular power of representing things and persons in future times—of these are numberless counterfeits, but only one sort that is true and genuine—The counterfeits have in general represented things utterly false, and * frequently shewn the persons that have consulted them future events, in such a whimsical position, as to be right, whether they might or might not happen. Poor Pyrrhus got a dreadful defeat of a fine army, and a severe wound himself, by trusting to one of these false mirrors, which † represented to him, in full view, his own army, routing the Roman forces; and at the same, at a little distance, exhibited (tho'

* Alluding to ancient oracles.

† Aio te Æacida Romanos vincere posse.

the

the poor man did not ſee it) the Roman army, driving the ſoldiers of Pyrrhus like ſheep before lions.

The only true and genuine, are of that ſort which was framed by the hand of truth, and brought down from heaven; it may be met with in ſome private families, but you are ſure to find it in every church throughout England—It is a large, noble, ſtrong, and highly poliſhed piece of work—It has all the qualities of the other two kinds, but the *Eſſomenic* is peculiar to itſelf. Your gentry called Deiſts and Freethinkers, who ſee their forefathers, themſelves, and their poſterity painted in it, cannot endure to look at it—they cheriſh a mortal averſion to it, and have tried often and often to ſully or deſtroy it, by pelting it with mud, dirt, and ſtones at a diſtance—at a diſtance I ſay, for if they come near it, the

the radiant brightneſs of truth darts upon them ſuch intolerable day, that they chuſe to retreat, and bay the diſtant moon.

But excuſe the diſgreſſion, and now let us return to my proteontic, which if you chuſe a more intelligible name, you may call an *hiſtorical mirror*.

As an author has always his own work in his thoughts, you will not wonder, if I wiſh to behold a ſcene that relates to it.—I have my wiſh—and if we caſt our eyes upon the mirror, we ſhall ſee an exact repreſentation of the ſcene; the ceremony, and the company of the Olympic Games, in the 79th Olympiad —Look elſe.

At a general view we are preſented with a very fine and beautiful country,

but

but as our buſineſs is more with the actors than with the ſcenes, let us fix our eyes upon the company—what an amazing concourſe of people! But don't you think the profound ſilence they obſerve very remarkable, in ſo numerous a body? They ſeem to gather very cloſe, as if in the act of earneſt attention—let us obſerve.

Now I find what it is—Do you ſee that venerable old man, who is raiſed above the reſt, and who holds a large ſcroll in his hand?

Noſco crines incanaque menta.

It is HERODOTUS the father of hiſtory, and he is this very moment reading his work to that vaſt audience—let us liſten.

——Επυνθανοντο οι Περσαι περι των Ελληνων τα ποιεοιεν ——

—"But he talks Greek—I can't under-
"ſtand him."

Can't

Can't you? Then we'll have an interpreter—and here is one ready.

——"* Asked them what the Greeks "were then doing?—to which they an- "swered, the Grecians were, at that time, "celebrating the Olympic festival, and "exhibiting a spectacle of Gymnastic "and Equestrian Games. Being again "asked what was the prize, for which the "antagonists contended? They replied, "a *Chaplet of wild Olive*; upon which, "Tigranes, the son of Artabanus, broke "out into an exclamation, which, tho' "interpreted by the King, as the effect "of cowardice, was certainly an indica- "tion of a brave and generous mind. "For hearing that the prize, contended "for by the Grecians, was a chaplet, "and not any pecuniary reward, he

* Lib. 8. C. 26.

"could

" could no longer keep silence, but in
" the hearing of all the Persians, said,
" Alas! Mardonius, against what kind
" of men have you led us here to fight!
" Men who engage in a contest with
" each other, not for gold and silver, but
" only for a superiority of virtue and
" glory."

Upon my word a very curious story; let us turn from the mirror a few minutes, and consider it—never fear but we shall find there the grave historian reading still, for his history is monstrously long (a huge folio—I mean an immense roll of an hundred yards) and he will not get through it in haste.

It was very fortunate, that we happened to find him reading this passage of his history, as it will give me an opportunity of remarking the absurdity of the trifle they

they contended for at the Olympic ſtadium, and the great wiſdom of the heroes of the Engliſh Turf, in contending for prizes of a more valuable nature.

They contended, it ſeems, at Olympia, "not for gold or ſilver, but for a Chaplet" "of Wild Olive;" more fools they then: for a trifling ſprig of fading leaves, they got perhaps bruiſed ſides, bloody noſes, black eyes, craſhed jaws, and broken bones;—I much queſtion, whether there was any healing virtue in theſe pretty garlands, to return a diſlocated limb to its place, or to give ſight again to a blinded eye; aſk Demoxenus, who limps along with a crown of olive on his head, whether he thinks it will cure all his pains in a day, or whether his lameneſs and his blindneſs, are not likely to remain by him (ſad companions!) as long as he lives.

"Oh but, you will say he got honour?" "And is not that"—I refer you, Sir, to Sir John Falstaff for an answer.

——Now, consider the prizes contended for at Newmarket; our competitors, little concerned about the *Whistling of a Name*, strive for something more substantial; wisely they

Weigh solid profit against empty praise;

and in a moment perceive how light the latter

—*Quick, up flies and kicks the beam.*

With real and sound reason on their side, therefore, they judge, that a Royal plate of an hundred pieces in their pockets, is more worth their attention, than a chaplet of parsley round their heads; and a sweepstakes of a thousand guineas, of more true and lasting service, than a garland of wild olive. I fancy

that

that if such unsubstantial profits as honour or olive, (emblem, though it be of peace and wisdom) were all that could be gained upon the course, we should not see our nobility and gentry offering, and paying, with alacrity, for a horse of name, such sums as would make a thousand poor people temporarily, and a hundred poor families lastingly, happy.

And yet, to be sure, one four-legged irrational creature, is more worth consideration, and better deserves to be fed highly and pampered, than hundreds or thousands of two-legged rational beings, who may want, but ought not to have, that care and expence which we bestow so wisely upon a horse. Ask his Grace of ANNALAND, and Sir Thomas TURNPENNY, and Messrs. ROOK, SLY, FLEECE, and CULL, if what I say be not perfectly right.

CHAP. XXI.

OF TITLES.

Invitum sequitur Honos.

Earl of D—l's motto.

BY heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale
fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where never fathom-line could reach the
ground,
And bring up drowned honour by the locks

Why yes—I think so too—much easier and more worth while, to try however, than aiming to procure her at the Olympic course, where she appeared in so fading and useless a form, as a garland of parsley, or wild olive.

Honour!

Honour! Thou fair, but unſubſtantial form, through what variety of paths do men purſue thee!—For thee, the hardy ſoldier marches indefatigable and intrepid in the face of danger, and of death; for thee the aſpiring Poet builds the high ſounding verſe, and

Smit with the love of ſacred ſong and thee,

he graſps at immortality; for thee the Olympic candidate defies bruiſes, blows, and falls; for thee—no, not for thee, the hero of Newmarket rears his ſwift courſer to outſtrip the wind;—and for thee, I too, the leaſt and meaneſt of thy train, graſp my adventurous quill; I court thee, bright phantom, yet not for myſelf; it is for my dear and much beloved country, that I woo thee, honour, to fix thy bright beams upon the heads of the noble brothers of the Turf, whoſe virtues deſerve a nobler pen than mine; which yet, humble as it is, I truſt they

deign to behold with an eye of complacent regard.

But mark, reader, how capriciously things are ordered;—honour, that airy phantom, which flies those who follow her, follows those who fly her;

Courted by all, by few the fair is won,
Those loose who seek her, and those gain who shun.

I think I never met with a stronger proof of this, nor with any thing that ever pleased me better, than the following important article of intelligence, which was very lately conveyed to us in all our papers—"On Sunday last" (—by the way, your genuine heroes of the Turf, always chuse to travel on a Sunday—) "arrived in town, COUNT "O'NELLY, master of the famous "horse MOON-SHADE,"

See

See here, how honour, coy miſtreſs as ſhe is, yet mounted this gentleman's horſe, and announced his arrival in town——

I confeſs, for my part, that I ſee infinite propriety, and but mere juſtice, in this article of news; for if a man has not merit of his own to make him famous, he may juſtly derive honour from his courſer.——Not merit of his own, did I ſay? I recall theſe words; for what greater merit can there be, than to be maſter of a good horſe? Does not ſuch a poſſeſſion give a title to every excellent qualification, to every virtue under the ſun? Certainly it does; elſe why is it ſought after, with ſo much eagerneſs, at ſuch immenſe expence? and elſe, why are we told, with ſo much public ſolemnity, that "ſuch a day arrived in town ſuch a one, the poſſeſſor

" of a remarkable fine horſe?"—But for which merit-giving creature, the man might come and go to and from town to eternity, and never be known, thought, or talked of.

Since I read this judicious paragraph, I have often wiſhed, that my friend, the Engliſh Ruſſian volunteer, had been ſo fortunate, as to have diſcovered, on the coaſt of Greece, ſome fragment of an ancient Greek news-paper; I don't doubt but it would inform us of many curious and entertaining particulars; but I am inclined to think, the Greeks of thoſe days had no ſuch papers; if they had, the articles, relative to the Olympic conquerors, might have been ſuppoſed to run thus:

ATHENS,

Olympiad the 74th.

" On the fifteenth of the month Ga-

" melion,

" melion, arrived here Callinicus, victor
" in the Chariot-race, at the laſt Olym-
" pic Games.

" The ſame day the young Ariſtius,
" who was conqueror, both at the Ceſtus
" and the Diſcus, ſet out for his father's
" ſeat in the country; it is ſaid, that the
" old gentleman, at his return from
" Olympia, received him with open
" arms, and tears of joy, at the ſame
" time bleſſing the immortal Gods, who
" had made him the happy father of
" ſuch a ſon."

" On the 23d of Puaneption, was
" married at Epheſus, Chares the ſon of
" Amphius, to Philena the daughter of
" Sophron; Chares was Victor in the
" foot-race at the games, and was reck-
" oned the fineſt and beſt-proportioned
" youth, that ever was ſeen upon the
" courſe

" courſe; the father, it ſeems, made " him propoſals with the offer of " his daughter, the very next day after " the race."

" On the 12th of Thargelion, died " Patronicus, a young gentleman, fa- " mous for the number of olive gar- " lands, which he had obtained at " Olympia."

Thus, I ſay, might a Grecian news-paper run, and ſuch acoounts might be reckoned honourable enough;—but can they be pretended, at all, to equal, either in juſtice, ſtrength, energy, reaſon, or comprehenſive expreſſion, our Engliſh account—" Sunday laſt arrived in town, " COUNT O'NELLY, maſter of the " famous horſe, MOON-SHADE!"—So pleaſed am I with this juſt and public acknowledgement of merit, where merit

is so evidently due, that I cannot but wish such paragraphs were more frequent in our public prints; I cannot but wish, that the world might know every motion of the virtuous man who owns a good race-horse; shall the wise possessor of Camillus go from Huntingdon to York, in solitary silence, or the honourable master of Barb, go or come from London to Newmarket, and the newspapers not teem with an event, so worthy the public notice?

No:—forbid it virtue; surely we shall see frequent articles, in our papers, to the following purpose.

"On Sunday noon the Duke of DU-"PELED set out for York, where he "purposes being on Monday afternoon "upon the course; his Grace not only

"would

" would wiſh to be at the races, but he " longs to ſee the worthy owner of Lo- " thario.

" Lord LONGPURSE ſet out yeſter- " day for his ſeat at ——— ; the inten- " tion of this journey is to viſit his ſtud at " that place, which is reckoned the beſt " in England His Lordſhip deſigns to " ſpend about a week with thoſe noble " animals, his horſes."

" On Sunday next is expected in town, " the honourable Mr. SINK, owner of " Marcus, reckoned the fineſt figure of " a horſe in England."

" Mr. GREAT, maſter of the famous " horſe Alaric, died laſt Tueſday at " Bath."

We

"We hear from Somerſetſhire, that "John BRUTE, Eſq; the beſt man in "England, as being maſter of the beſt "horſe, is perfectly recovered from his "late illneſs."

Theſe paragraphs, and others like theſe, might give honour where it is ſo juſtly due, and place the heroes of my theme in that reſpectable light, to which, from their merit, they lay ſo juſt a claim.

Meſſrs. Baldwin, Woodfall, Say, &c. &c.—I deſire you would take notice, and ſupply us with ſuch articles as theſe, which will equally contribute to our pleaſure, and your intereſt.—

Shy and fearful as our friends of the Turf appear of honour, I ſometimes wonder they do not diſclaim it entirely,

and

and throw off their useless titles at once;—it would suit their modesty most certainly, and it would as certainly suit their understanding, to bestow them upon their horses; ill-natured severity would say, that the noble animals deserve them better than their masters;—ill-natured severity would say, that the titles were bestowed as rewards of merit, and unkindly ask, if their masters honours were so:—I, for my part, say or ask no such thing; I scorn it; I only urge, that the following titles, given to an excellent horse, would sound very nobly, and be bestowed with admirable justice.

KELLY's ECLIPSE.

"Creations:—Duke of Newmarket; "Earl of Epsom and York; Comptroller "General of the Race-grounds; Baron "Eclipse of Mellay; Viscount Canter-"bury;

" bury ; Lord of Lewes, Saliſbury, Ipſ-
" wich, and Northampton ; Marquis of
" Barnet, and Premier Racer of all Eng-
" land."

——Nor do I think this, or any other noble courſer, undeſerving a coat of arms ; let him bear them *Verd*; a Pegaſus *Argent*; and the ſupporters be two Engliſhmen in ducal robes and coronets ; the creſt, a purſe, *Or*, and the motto—*Volat Ocior Euro.*

Have I done the noble creatures juſtice, my good reader ?—I have tried, however, and ſo ſenſible am I of the reaſonableneſs and propriety of my ſcheme, that I moſt heartily recommend it to the brethren of the Turf, for their ſerious and ſpeedy conſideration ; and as the ſubject is of the firſt conſequence, I wiſh they would enter upon it with that

ear-

earneſtneſs, and very grave attention that I have done;—and I really think, gentlemen, that no time and place are ſo proper, for your debates on this point, as the next meeting at Newmarket——

N. B.—If I have made any miſtake, or falſe heraldry in the titles, the reader is deſired to conſult Clarencieux, King at Arms, who will ſoon rectify ſuch errors.

CHAP. XXII.

OF ABSURDITY.

How they all turn, and ſtare upon the monſter.
Otway.

NOW let us return to the mirror, and I am pretty ſure we ſhall find our hiſtorian in the ſame place, and ſtill reading———There he is.

But does there not ſeem ſome alteration in the reader and the hearers?—Methinks HERODOTUS himſelf appears now and then to yawn—which is rather ſtrange, conſidering it is his own work that he is entertaining the company with; and don't you obſerve a kind of a— as it were—, a-gently-nodding motion, a ſort of waving in that *ſea*

of heads?—They seem to me to be inclined to sleep, and if they are, who can wonder? For where are the mortal lungs and perseverance, that could hold out to read nine volumes; or the mortal ears and patience, that can endure to hear them?

To say the truth, I always suspected my mirror of giving me a false picture, whenever it shewed me this; it will sometimes play such tricks, but there is no help for it, and the mirror is a good mirror for all that.

I own I never look at this picture, but I think of the readers and hearers in the *Dunciad*, as well as the expressive cut, engraved by the ingenious *Hayman*, prefixed to the book.——There the tired reader seems to struggle, with painful toil, through an immense and shoreless

ocean

ocean of words, and the paſſive hearers, nodding here and yawning there, ſlide into ſlumberous inſenſibility.

In a word, I ſhould have pitied both HERODOTUS, and his audience, had I not been aſſured, that neither the one ever read, nor the other ever heard.

But come, we will lay our mirror aſide;—there—and now let us, for the humour ſake, allow, that this piece of hiſtory is truth.

"You will, at leaſt, grant, ſay you, that "it proves the Greeks loved learning"—

Granted;—and I ſuppoſe you, my good Sir, in return, will allow, that if they did love it, they choſe a very improper time and place to exerciſe their learning in.

What! To read aloud on a public courſe in a ſcene of diverſion, where thouſands of people, chariots, and horſes raiſe an univerſal din; and where the amuſement of the eyes, and not the ears, was the intention of the ſpectators!—I could almoſt wiſh to ſee our hiſtorian, with his ponderous folio in his hand, upon the plains of Newmarket, in act to read—What a ſcene!—How would the Dukes, Earls, Counts, Viſcounts, and Jockeys, gaze at the phenomenon?—I ſhould, indeed, be ſorry to ſee ſo fine an old Grecian as HERODOTUS, make himſelf ridiculous; but, conſidered in every other light, it would certainly be a laughable ſcene.

—"Look, my Lord, what is that "old long-bearded fellow about?—"Who is it? a Methodiſt or a Jew? "What a horrible language he reads out "of

"of that great book? Is it high Dutch,
"I wonder? No, it is Greek, I know,
"by the *Ou's* and the *Of-es*, which
"Greek verbs always end in;—yes,
"yes, it is Greek—an old fool, what
"does he here! mob him, pelt him,
"hoot him, hiſs him—read here indeed!
"Off! Off! Off! Off! Off!

Sorry, I ſay, ſhould I be, to ſee the venerable father of hiſtory thus ridiculed; but thus ridiculed he certainly would be, were he to make his appearance upon the Engliſh Turf; there our attention is too much engaged, to be beſtowed on any thing long, but the expected pleaſure of the race; how much ſuch a horſe coſt, how many plates he has won, whoſe he is, how old, how ſwift, what weight he can carry, and whether his owner would part with him, are ſubjects more worth our regard, than all the

wiſdom of ancient Greece. So ſay, and ſo think our *knowing* ones; who, if the company at Olympia could diſregard their ſport, to attend to the works of an hiſtorian, envy them not their curioſity, but rather admire the weakneſs of their underſtanding.——What! hear nine volumes read!—Alas! two or one would be inſufferably tedious; nay, I very much queſtion, whether, if the following ſhort apologue——————

CHAP. XXIII.

Paulo majora canamus. Virgil.

Genius of ancient Greece,
I steal impatient from the sordid haunts
Of strife and low ambition, to attend
Thy sacred presence, in the sylvan shades.
Akenside.

THE young Theotimas was favoured with the blessings of heaven, beyond the ordinary lot of mortals; health bloomed upon his cheeks, and chearfulness sparkled in his eye; riches, which supplied him with the godlike power of making the worthy and the indigent happy, were showered upon him, nor did he want a heart to make a generous use of them; he was, besides, unusually beautiful, and his person

pleaſed the captivated eye, as his manly ſenſe delighted the judicious ear; a deep ſenſe of religion, which made him look up to his maker with a grateful thankfulneſs, completed the perfection of this amiable character.

Theotimas was two and twenty, when the death of his father made him heir to his immenſe poſſeſſions, and he prepared to enter the gay world with that eclât, which ſe exquiſitely enchants the youthful and the eagerly impatient heart.

It happened on a Summer's morning, when the ſun was juſt riſen, and ſtillneſs was yet undiſturbed by the hurry of induſtry, that Theotimas walked forth, to enjoy the wholeſome fragrance of the ſeaſon. The lively appearance of nature excited in him the moſt pleaſurable ſenſations, which health and vivacity con-

ſpired

ſpired to heighten. He trod the mazy paths of the ſilent, and unfrequented grove, in pleaſing meditation; fancy anticipated the pleaſures of the world, he was about to enter, and painted them in the moſt agreeable colours. He was beginning to look upon himſelf with a ſelf-ſatisfaction, which nearly bordered upon pride——when, on a ſudden, a death-like ſtillneſs prevailed around him—the winds were huſhed--not a breath ſhook the foreſt-leaves—and an aſtoniſhment, which he could neither account for nor diſpell, took poſſeſſion of his ſoul. In this ſolemn moment, a voice, more than human, engaged his raviſhed attention.

"Theotimas, God who ſees the good-
"neſs of thy heart, and who makes al-
"lowance for the failings of humanity,
"commiſſions me to guide thy yet-un-
"certain ſteps, and point thy future
"life;

" life; I am thy Guardian-angel, and I
" undertake the merciful and agreeable
" task with pleasure. Lift up thine eyes,
" and contemplate the succeeding scenes,
" that shall arise before thee."

Immediately the astonished youth beheld a scene of boundless grandeur; it was a palace, furnished with all the elegance which riches could bestow, to delight the taste of the possessor, who was arrayed and attended with all the proud pomp of eastern magnificence, and who seemed to contemplate his glittering state, with an eye of security and self-satisfaction.

The young mind of Theotimas was ravished with this splendid scene, which he enjoyed with the utmost eagerness of delight—when, in a moment, the building tottered, the affrighted attendants

fled

fled from their Lord, whose fallen eye betrayed his spirit sunk in anguish, while his riches disappeared, with a sound, like the clattering of harpies wings, and the palace vanished into empty air.

It is impossible to describe the astonishment of Theotimas, at this unexpected and disheartning change; he seemed lost in meditation, when thus the Guardian-angel——"Lo! This is the man "who took not God for his strength, "but boasted himself in his riches. Let "this scene, Theotimas, warn thee "against the fatal pride and security, "which riches are apt to create in the "breast; and always remember, that "wealth, which, if properly used, is a "blessing, will prove the heaviest curse "that can befal thee, if it produces "pride, with its endless train of vices in "thy bosom.

"But now prepare thee for another ſcene."

He looked, and was raviſhed with the appearance of a female form, that moved along in majeſtic beauty, while her garments floated in the wind; her face was fair beyond expreſſion, and her perſon enchantingly lovely. She ſeemed to take infinite pleaſure, in admiring her own perfections, which ſhe contemplated in a mirror, that ſhe held in her hand, and ever and anon, ſhe caſt a ſide-long glance, to catch the eyes of her admiring beholders. In an inſtant Theotimas was one of the number, and he was ready to adore a form ſo heavenly, which he rapturouſly called—perfect, angelic, divine.

In this exſtatic moment, the form, he was ſo raviſhed with, diſappeared, and on the very ſpot, where ſhe ſtood, a char-

charnel-houſe preſented itſelf to his view, full of the bones that had been collected from the ruins of a nunnery. The heart of Theotimas, ſo gay before, was damped at the diſagreeable change; but the ſequel of the ſcene ſtill further increaſed his concern; for while he was contemplating the awful ſight, he perceived a general commotion among the bones; they began to unite, and ſoon formed a melancholy group of ghaſtly ſkeletons. Terror now began to take place of aſtoniſhment in the breaſt of Theotimas, when the friendly voice addreſſed him thus, "Let not what thou ſeeſt "too much diſcompoſe thee, but this, The- "otimas is beauty; doſt thou mark yon "eyeleſs ſpectre which advances? Doſt "thou not

"*Hear it in ſober accents cry,*

"*Thou, mortal, art the ſame as I?*

"Yes, and that dreary figure of rattling

"bones,

" bones, was once cloathed in the dreſs
" of elegance and beauty as thou art;
" and ſhall hereafter beauty be a cauſe
" of pride?—But the ſight, I perceive, is
" too much for thy nature——I will
" free thee from the pain it occaſions;
"—Thine eyes are turned with horror,
" and diſguſt to the ground, but raiſe
" them now once more."

——He did ſo, and the whole ſcene vaniſhed; and

Like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion
Left not a wreck behind——

When a little recovered from the various ſenſations this laſt viſion had raiſed in his breaſt, he was directed by the Guardian-angel, to expect a freſh exerciſe of his thoughts;—he looked, therefore, and ſaw a company of men iſſuing from a thicket, which they ſeemed to have

have ſtruggled through with ſome difficulty.—They entered a pleaſant path, which they purſued with great alacrity, and every now and then they ſeemed to implore the aſſiſtance of heaven, with upliſted hands and eyes. Their demeanor was earneſt, not affected, and their countenance chearful. On a ſudden, one of the company ſeparated himſelf from the reſt, and ſtruck into a path leſs pleaſant, and more rugged than the other. Immediately his countenance ſaddened, while his geſtures ſeemed to expreſs the moſt fervent devotion, and warmth of piety.

The heart of Theotimas, ever too ready to reſt upon appearances, began to look upon this man in a moſt amiable light, when he perceived him turn his head, and caſt a moſt contemptuous look, towards the companions he had left;—then lifting up his eyes to hea-

ven,

ven,——"I thank thee, that I am not "as other men are——Let them go— "they are loſt—I am indeed religious— "I will proceed in the path I have ſo "happily entered."——

He proceeded accordingly, and almoſt in an inſtant found himſelf on the brink of a precipice, deep, dark, and horrible, beyond conception, whence there was no retreat, and into which he fell ſuddenly, and irrecoverably. Theotimas was ſtruck with horror at his fate, and now, longing to know what was become of this victim's companions, lifted up his eyes juſt time enough to ſee them, at a diſtance, entering the radiance of a golden cloud, in the boundleſs glory of which they were quickly wrapt.

"Thus, ſaid the Guardian-angel, haſt "thou ſeen the fatal effects of ſpiritual "pride:

"pride; thou haſt beheld a deteſtable "character—a ſaint proud of his ſanc- "tity, and thou haſt ſeen his diſmal end. "Let this, and the other ſcenes thou "haſt examined, have their deſired ef- "fect upon thee. God, who knows "thy heart, and where thou art moſt "liable to temptations, has permitted "theſe viſionary ſcenes to paſs before "thee, to ſtrengthen the weaker ave- "nues of thy ſoul. Here then my "commiſſion ends—only I warn thee, "from what thou haſt ſeen, not to "let thy *riches*, thy *beauty*, or thy "*goodneſs*, betray thee into pride; go "therefore, Theotimas, be humble and "be happy."

Immediately the face of nature re- ſumed its former ſtate, the winds breathed gently through the grove, and

the birds renewed their harmony—and Theotimas, after proſtrating himſelf, and adoring the goodneſs of God, found his heart warmed, expanded, and improved—He retired,

Was humble, and was happy.

CHAP. XXIV.

OF THE SERIOUS.

Paucis te volo—— Terence.

—WAS to be attempted to be read upon the course at Newmarket, it would not be received with hisses and contempt.

Will you try the experiment, gentle, reader?

"Not I—try it yourself, if you like "it."

No indeed, Sir, not for a thousand guineas——

" Very likely—but pray, Mr. Au-
" thor," (excuſe me, Sir, I have not the pleaſure of knowing your name) " will
" you give me leave to aſk you one que-
" ſtion, before you go any further?"

Oh, dear Sir, a thouſand if you pleaſe.

" Why then, I would be glad to
" know, what you introduced this viſi-
" onary tale for?"

To entertain you, Sir—have I?

" That is another queſtion; but had
" you no other reaſon?

Certainly—but allow the validity of that, and then I'll give you more.

" Well, I allow it—what more?

If,

If, my dear Sir, you will take the trouble to recollect, or, (if you have forgot) to turn back to chapter the fifteenth of this learned work, you will find a hint or two about *doing good by ſtealth*—let that paſs for another reaſon, and I will give you a little anecdote for the third.

When Mr. Congreve had wrote ſeveral comedies, which were received with univerſal applauſe—Oh, cries the critics of his days, "they are very well to be "ſure—clever enough;—but what of "that? Congreve can't write a tragedy "if you'd give him the world for it;" upon which the bard took fire, ſnatched up his pen, and ſtruck off the *Mourning Bride*, in a heat, and a noble tragedy it was.

Now, Sir, what ſay you to my ſtory?

"Why I say, in the words of honest Prior, that

* *Your tale, howe'er applied was short,*
So far, at least, I thank you for't,

howe'er applied! My dear Sir—the application is mighty easy;—I wrote this apologue to convince the world, that I could as well engage in the serious, as the comic;—and if I have wrote neither well—why—I am sorry for it—let the world that don't like, write better—here is my pen.

* Si non ingenium, certe brevitatem adproba.

Phædrus.

CHAP. XXV.

ELEGY.

Volo te ac tuos amores
Ad Cœlum lepido vocare verſu.

Catullus.

LISTEN!—what ſweet and ſtrong ſounds are thoſe I hear?——— It is Fame

——*Who loves to raiſe*
The golden trumpet of eternal praiſe,
From pole to pole, the winds diffuſe the ſound,
That fills the circuit of the world around.

It is ſhe that proclaims the immortal honours of the Olympic poetry; Pindar, and his odes, are the ſubjects of her ſpirited praiſe; like him, and like them, nothing ever was produced for gran-

deur and ſublimity——" Wilt thou, ſhe " ſays, daring and hardy author as thou " art, preſume here to appear with thy " parallel, and conteſt the prize of po- " etry? Heareſt thou not how, like a " torrent tumbling from the mountains " in majeſtic irregularity, Pindar rolls " on impetuous? How full and ſublime " his thoughts, how wonderfully ma- " jeſtic his expreſſions! Who ſhall dare, " with feeble and inſufficient wing, to " emulate his eagle-flight?

Gentle reader, hark ye? I wonder whence Fame ſtole all this pompous parade of words; I'd lay a thouſand pounds, to a China orange, (a Newmarket bet) that ſhe borrowed it all from ſome commentator upon Horace; ſome Bently, or ſome Scaliger;—but let it paſs, and we will ſoon ſee what anſwer to give to theſe imperious queſtions.

But

But let me firſt obſerve, that the extravagant praiſe, which has hitherto been beſtowed upon the Olympic Bard, ariſes more from faſhion, than from real merit. Horace began the cry, with his *Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet æmulari*, and it has been echoed down from Poet to Poet, who would all ſeem fond of admiring what Horace profeſſed to admire—But did you underſtand him, my very good friend?—For my own part, I think he deſerved to be placed in the ſame rank, in which Mr. Cowley * placed Perſius, and for the ſame reaſon. Some noble thoughts, and noble expreſſions too we will allow him, but don't let us exalt him extravagantly—merely becauſe Horace has ſweetly ſung his praiſe.

* Mr. Cowley pronounced Perſius to be a bad Poet, and gave this as his reaſon—"I cannot underſtand him."

Now

Now then, to anſwer theſe crowing queſtions, which I am glad were aſked, as I began to be afraid, that from what had been ſaid in the laſt three or four chapters, the reader would ſuſpect, that we of the Turf were enemies to learning, —No ſuch thing—we are particular admirers of it, and of poetry eſpecially. It were endleſs to give examples, but for Pindar, (to have done with him at once) let me propoſe Tom D'urfey's Ode,

To horſe, my brave boys, to Newmarket, to horſe,

as a rival to the boaſted poems of the Grecian Bard.—But if I were to produce the * Songs, the Satyrs, the Elegies that

* I cannot here omit to inſtance the famous ſong, which begins——

Four and twenty Yorkſhire Knights,
Came out of the North countree;
And they came down to Newmarket,
Mr. Frampton's horſes to ſee, &c.

At

that Newmarket has given birth to, they would ſoon prove the evident ſuperiority, of that ſcene of poetic inſpiration, over every other ſpot.

At the ſame time, I take this opportunity of paying my reſpects to the memory of Old FRAMPTON.—

This gentleman (whoſe picture may be ſeen in many a houſe in Newmarket) was as great an oddity as perhaps ever was heard of.—He was a known woman-hater:—paſſionately fond of horſe-racing, cocking and courſing:—remarkable for a peculiar uniformity in his dreſs, the faſhion of which he never changed, and in which, regardleſs of its uncouth appearance, he would not unfrequently go to court, and enquire, in the moſt familiar manner, for his maſter or miſtreſs, the King or Queen.—Queen Ann uſed to call him Governor Frampton.

He lies buried in All-ſaints Church, Newmarket, and over him is a flat ſtone with this inſcription.

"In Memory of TREGONWELL FRAMPTON,
" of Marſton, in Dorſetſhire, Eſq; who was Keeper
" of the Running-horſes to their Sacred Majeſties
" King William the Third,
" Queen Ann,
" George the Firſt,
" George the Second.
" Who departed this life, March the XII, in MDCCXXVIII,
" aged LXXXVI years."

And

And here I cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving the reader an Elegy, written about twenty years ago, which for ease, for pathetic and elegant simplicity, is equal to any thing I ever met with.

It is necessary only to inform the reader, that the subject is the death of a favourite Race-horse; it is supposed to be written by the master of the deceased animal, who substituted the name of Xanthus, instead of the horse's own, the bare mention of which affected him too much, and he chose the name preferable to that of any modern racer, because he would allow none to be equal to his, and because an Eton scholar had told him, that Homer called Xanthus ποδας ωκελος ιππος and said that he was swifter than the wind.

ELEGY.

ELEGY.

My time, oh my friends, was moſt ſweet and divine,
In that ſeaſon of pleaſure, when Xanthus was mine,
Ten thouſand gay tranſports I found in my breaſt;
And no Turf-loving hero was equally bleſt:
But now he is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change in my boſom I find,
When the courſe was as fine as could poſſibly be,
I thought 'twas the Turf, but, alas! it was he.

II.

Oh ye plains of Newmarket, that once were ſo dear,
How delightfully pleaſant ye us'd to appear!
How ſweet were the Zephyrs that o'er you did breath,
And the Turf was as ſmooth as a carpet beneath.
But now he is gone, and I ſtroll o'er the ground,
It is all deſolation, and ſorrow around.
The air is unpleaſant, and under my feet,
The Turf is as rough as a road uncomplete.

III.

My groom I was ever well pleaſed to ſee
Come with cap in his hand, to my Xanthus and me;

And

And Xanthus was pleas'd too, and ſtretch'd out his head
To my groom, to be ſtrok'd, or perhaps to be fed;
But now when he's coming, I, with a ſour brow,
Cry ſirrah, and angrily give him a blow;
And I'll give him another, for why ſhould not John
Be as dull as his maſter, now Xanthus is gone?

IV.

When my hounds all around me, would oftentimes play,
And my Xanthus and I were as happy as they;
How pleaſant their ſporting, how happy the time
When my hounds and my horſes were all in their prime?
But now in their frolics, as by me they trip,
Their gambols I ſtop with a ſtroke of my whip;
Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

V.

Ho wvainly, alas! do I mourn and complain!
What can cure my diſquiet, or ſoften my pain?
I muſt, to be cured, let my ſorrows diſperſe,
Yet—ah me! what a loſs!—Can there e'er be a worſe?

Death.

Death ne'er will permit the dear horſe to return;
Sure ne'er was poor mortal ſo ſadly forlorn.
I could better have ſpar'd parents, children or wife,
For my horſe, my dear horſe, was the joy of my life.

There, my good admirer of ancient Greece, ſhow me any thing equal to that, from Olympia if you can; but you cannot; the tender lamentation of Bion, on the death of Adonis, comes the neareſt to it;—but I much queſtion, if that poem was written, ſo much from and to the heart, as this.

CHAP. XXVI.

A SATYR.

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo.
Horace.

COME forward, my brighteſt of Bards! Come forward, Sir, for the honour of Newmarket, and convince my readers, that the Engliſh Turf inſpires the keeneſt, and the moſt forcible thoughts of any ſpot in the world.

This, Gentlemen, is a ſatiriſt; *Muſas colimus ſeveriores*, is his motto; and with what exact propriety it is choſen, judge you by the following ſpecimen of his poetry.

Verſes

Verſes written by Mr. ——— at his return from the Maccaroni, to his lodgings at Newmarket.

If e'er I in that place again do move,
Oh! puniſh me with (hiatus) *mighty Jove;*
At that infernal Maccaroni,
I loſt a monſtrous ſum of money.

I think myſelf peculiarly happy, courteous reader, that it fell to my lot (albeit unworthy) to preſent thee with this curious piece—and ſtill happier am I to have preſerved it from oblivion, in that, I can aſſure thee, it is an original—a warranted, as well as invaluable original;—of the Elegy which I gave thee in the former chapter, I will not warrant the authenticity, but of this I will; for I copied it, with my own hand, from the author's manuſcript;—and yet, happieſt above all things am I, that I have preſerved it, ſince it was merely written

with a pencil, upon a wainſcot; only think——*tantam rem tam negligenter*! Suppoſe ſome Painter, with dead-doing hand—I tremble at the idea—Avaunt! monſter, with thy obliterating bruſh, nor think that thy mercileſs weapon, foe to literature, ſhall be permitted to expunge thoſe immortal lines, till I have ſaved them from thy careleſs and ignorant daubing:—There—they are ſaved;—now paint on to eternity, and I ſhall no more concern myſelf about thee.

I have taken pride to myſelf, in the thought, that I may be the means of preſerving theſe four lines of animated poetry from oblivion; yet let me intreat the reader, not to attribute to me a vanity which I do not deſerve; don't let it be ſuppoſed that I imagine, that *by being merely inſerted in my work, this little poem will live*; (that were to miſtake the effect

fect for the cauſe—) ſo far from it; I apprehend, that the poem will be a means of preſerving the *eſſay* from oblivion—The caſket will be valued for the jewel it contains—and my work boaſts no higher praiſe, than being a more likely means of preſerving, and ſpreading an excellent piece, than the fading and periſhable paint on a wainſcoted room at Newmarket.

Oh! Reſpectable bard! Whoſe *ſlumbers* I am not willing to diſturb, and whoſe *modeſty* I will not hurt, by telling thy name, allow me to ſupport myſelf on the wings of thy ſublime poetry;—fearful that my own merits will not preſerve me from oblivion, I beg leave to addreſs thee in the words of Steel to Addiſon,

——*Join thy works to mine,*
Let me thus live join'd to a work of thine.

Launched forth, therefore, as I am, upon

an ocean of ink, I assure myself, that the value of my freight will preserve my vessel from sinking. Contrary to all other seas, which pay no respect to the richness of the merchandise which the ship carries, this metaphorical ocean buoys up the craziest vessel, with a security proportioned to the richness of the cargo—Courage therefore, my friends; never fear my sinking——know ye not that I have *got Cæsar on board?*—See ye not the sufficient support which I have with me, in the invaluable lines, written by ——?——

But now we sail along securely on a calm and smooth ocean, let us examine, at our leisure, the beauties of the jewel we have on board.

If e'er I in that place again do move,
Oh punish me with *mighty Jove!*

At

At that infernal Maccaroni,
I loſt a monſtrous ſum of money.

On a general view of the whole, let us obſerve the grand, the deliberate, the majeſtic ſolemnity of the invocation; it at leaſt equals that noble one of Oedipus in Dryden's play, which Mr. Addiſon has, with ſo much juſtice, applauded; and it greatly excels, in propriety, the unmeaning rants, with which our modern tragedies abound.——Methinks I ſee the author, on his return home, alone in his lodging, ſwelling with the greatneſs of his thoughts, and preparing to give vent to the ſtorm of his reſentment; I ſee him lifting up his hands and eyes, with all the venerable ſolemnity of an ancient Flamen, over the victim which he was about to ſacrifice; I ſee him meditate, in awful ſilence, the execration which he is preparing to utter; I ſee the

ſublimity of his thoughts, expreſſed in every feature of his face; I ſee him draw from his pocket, the ready pencil, and in an inſtant, ſtrike out, with rapid heat, this, the greateſt effort of the human genius.——But this is only a general view; on a cloſer inſpection, a multitude of beauties will ruſh upon our mental eye, and almoſt dazzle it with their oppreſſive luſtre.

If e'er I in that place——What place? that, my good reader, we are not told at firſt; and this precipitate beginning contains an evident beauty. Mark how exactly the author adheres to Horace's rule of—*in medias res rapit*——We are hurried into the ſcene at once, without being told at all where we are brought; —a cooler genius would have placed the two laſt lines firſt, but our author was too ſenſible of the beauty of their preſent poſi-

position, to be guilty of such an impropriety.

——*Again do move*——The word *do*, in defiance of Mr. Pope and his essay on criticism, is here inserted upon the justest grounds; it adds amazingly to the slowness and grandeur of the verse, and must therefore be deemed a forcible elegance, rather than a feeble expletive.—

Move——A word of great meaning, and full of ideas; as much as to say the author did not *sit* eternally like other gamesters, but *moved in that place*, though he might sit long enough to lose his money.

Before I dismiss this verse permit me just to hint, that if the position of the words were at all altered, they would

loſe more than half their beauty,

If e'er within that place again I move.

Though perhaps it may run ſmoother to a vitiated taſte, yet has it none of that ſolemn ſlow-paced majeſtic grandeur, which ſo evidently conſtitutes the beauty of

If e'er again I in that place do move.

The ſhining rays of the firſt line, thus ſelected, the ſecond demands our attention, and ſhare of applauſe——

——*Oh puniſh me with*——

With what?—Here, reader, it ſhould ſeem as if there was a deplorable defect in the manuſcript, and a learned critic, is of opinion, that the word *madneſs* was the word that is omitted; but I am of a different opinion;—upon the moſt mature reflection, I cannot but think, that here was no word omitted, and that the vacancy was left by deſign; in this

may

may be discovered an exquisite beauty—the author, labouring under the weight of thoughts too big for utterance, prudently forbears to attempt at expressing them, as well assured, that no word whatever would be adequate to his ideas; imitating hereby the justly applauded conduct of that Painter, who, in despair of doing justice to the sorrow of a father in distress, drew a veil over his face, leaving the spectator to imagine, what it was not in the power of colours to describe.—

Mighty Jove!—I am sure I need not point out, to the intelligent reader, the beautiful propriety of a gamester, invoking a heathen God.

At that infernal Maccaroni——The first elegance that strikes us in this golden line, is that rapid figure in rhetorick,

(Asyn-

(Aſyndeton, I think they call it) which rejects the copulative. The little word *for*, omitted at the beginning of the line, ſhews the quick flow of the author's poetic ſpirit, which made him neglect conjunctions, as well as the meaſure of his verſe.——

Infernal Maccaroni——Infinitely ſevere and ſatirical!—The word *infernal*, is a moſt expreſſive epithet, which declares the Maccaroni to be a kind of Pandæmonium, and the company it contains to be a ſociety of Demons.—But great allowances muſt be made here, for the exaggeration of a poetic and ſatirical ſpirit; for the Maccaroni is no other than a pretty large and whimſically painted room, and the company, that frequent it, generally no leſs than men of the firſt and higheſt rank in the kingdom.

I loſt a monſtrous ſum of money——The grand, the elegant, and inexpreſſible ſublimity of this concluſion, is ſuch, that if the reader does not ſee it himſelf, I muſt confeſs, I ſhall for ever deſpair of making him ſenſible of it.

Great and laborious undertakings, my good reader, even if they happen to fail, in ſome degree, are yet ever conſidered, by generous minds, with regard and commendation; ſuch minds will always give their ſhare of applauſe to him who dared nobly, though unſucceſsfully, and *Magnis tamen excidit auſis* will be ſaid of him, in a voice expreſſive of approbation. Thus I, though all too weak for the noble undertaking, have yet dared to examine this great performance, and ſingle out, for particular obſervation, particular ſtars from this bright conſtel-

lation

lation of beauties;—if I have not done it juſtice, (which I fear I have not) forgive me, reader, and, conſidering the greatneſs of the undertaking, pardon the failure of the reſolute and fond adventurer.

And thou, keen ſatiriſt, who, in the ſeverity of thy wrath, didſt draw thy fierce pencil to blaſt, with poetic lightning, thy foes, accept my humble attempt to preſerve thy inimitable works from periſhing by a vile dauber's hand, and to preſent them before the admiring reader in the moſt advantageous light; while the carping and ignorant critic will ſay, thy lines are much more a ſatyr on thyſelf than others, I advance, with the earneſtneſs of admiration, to prevent the falſhood, and to point thy ſatyric darts upon thy daſtardly conquerors. While

they

they ſink under thine animated reſentment, permit me, great Poet, to be admitted into thy train, and triumphantly to aſk, whether, after having heard this thy wonderful performance, we ſhall ever again hear the Grecian poetry mentioned with applauſe?

The End of the Firſt Volume.

NEWMARKET:

OR, AN

ESSAY on the TURF.

CONTAINING,

Amongſt other GRAVE and WEIGHTY MATTERS,

A PARALLEL

(though not after the manner of Plutarch and Mr. Spence)

BETWEEN

NEWMARKET RACES,

AND THE

OLYMPIC GAMES;

Very proper to be had in all pockets at the next

NEWMARKET MEETING.

THE SECOND EDITION.

VOL. II.

Nam quæ tandem eſt iniquitas cum omni vitæ inſtituto ſuos luſus concedamus, Studiis nullum omnino luſum permittere, maxime ſi nugæ feria ducant, atque ita tractentur ludicra, ut ex his aliquanto plus frugis referat lector, non omnino naris obeſæ, quam ex quorundam tetricis ac ſpendidis argumentis.

Eraſmus ad Thom. Morum.

LONDON:

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THE

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NEWMARKET:

OR, AN

ESSAY ON THE TURF.

CHAP. XXVII.

OF NOTHING.

Jamque humiles, jamq; elati, ſublime videntur
Aera per vacuum ferri atque aſſurgere in
Auras.—— Virgil.

AH, reſt the ſoul of honeſt Iſocrates! For ſurely never Grecian wrote a wiſer ſentence than the following—— * "Many books "of proſe and verſe, while they were yet

* Iſocrates ad Nicocl

" in the writers thoughts, have highly " raiſed their hopes, but when they " have been finiſhed, and ſhewn to others, " have gained them much leſs glory than " they hoped for ;"——Whether the ſaid Iſocrates ſpoke experimentally, and the reviewers of Athens had ſet the black-mark upon him, I pretend not to ſay, but to me they appear very like the words of one that ſpeaks feelingly.—Be that, however, as it may, they are moſt certainly very true ; I appeal to nine thouſand nine hundred and ninety authors, out of ten thouſand, who have publiſhed within the laſt ten years, if they have not been ſeverely ſenſible of their truth ;——Aſk Mr. A if his ſatire, Mr. B if his elegy, Mr. C if his odes, Mr. D if his epiſtles, Mr. E if his hiſtory, Mr. F if his novel, Mr. G if his ſermons, Mr. H if his eſſays, Mr. I if his verſions, Mr. K if his ſtrictures, Mr. L if his ſyſtems, Mr. M if his thoughts,

thoughts, Mr. N if his adventures, Mr. O if his enquiries (—I think I have addreſſed myſelf to nearly the propoſed number—) did not appear to them, at the times of writing, clever at leaſt, if not excellent; and yet when made public, were they not—did they not (—how ſhall I expreſs myſelf not to give offence?) did they not *gain them much leſs glory than they hoped for?*

Thy words, friend Iſocrates, are words of dire prognoſtication;—how came I to ſtumble upon them?—I have forſworn reading, while I am about this work, ever ſince * the philoſopher, that diſcards humility with ſo high a hand, fell unluckily in my way;—How then—It was memory, that with officious readineſs, brought them before me:——But ſoft ye now!—Why need I apply them to my work?—I have already declared,

* See Chap VIII.

that I write not to gain honour to myſelf; it is for the honour of my friends and of my country——Indeed if I *gain them much leſs glory than I hoped for*, I own I ſhall be diſappointed.

Yes, my dear brethren of the Turf, to immortalize your virtues do I write, and me, therefore, will ye love with unabating ardor.——I pleaſe myſelf, at leaſt, with the agreeable hope, that I ſhall be your boſom companion, your conſtant attendant. "My Lord, have you New-"market in your pocket? Or, Sir George, "have you your eſſay about you?" will, I flatter myſelf, be as common and natural queſtions, as to aſk each other of your healths or the hour of the day; and not to produce me, upon ſuch enquiries, will, I apprehend, be deemed an abſurdity as unpardonable, as to appear upon the Turf in a full-bottomed wigg, or at

the

the Maccaroni in a night-gown and ſlippers.

Such are the pleaſing thoughts with which I, ambitious author, feed my hopes; yes, my friends, I ſhall enjoy this ſatisfaction—let this ſatisfaction, this happineſs be mine, and be the glory, ariſing from my labours, all your own.

Ah me! What perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron,

Said once the merry author of Hudibras, and, ah me, what fears and apprehenſions ſurround that bold adventurer, who dips his pen in ink! Says the grave author of this work; and ſurely if ever man experiences all the viciſſitudes and agitations of hope and fear, it is the ſaid bold adventurer; one while elate with hope he anticipates that pleaſing reception which he wiſhes for, and at another,

ſinking with doubt, he ſees already, in idea, that freezing look of cold diſapprobation which he dreads; the flattery of friends, the malice of enemies, the candour of the judicious, the harſhneſs of the ſevere, the ſmiles of ſome, the frowns of others, not to mention the gentlemen-uſhers at the gates of the temple of Fame; who one while appear, to his apprehenſive imagination, in the dire form of executioners, and

With that two-handed engine, at the door
Stand ready to ſmite once, and ſmite nomore;

At another time, when ſeen through the flattering glaſs of vivid fancy, they appear affable and expert maſters of the ceremonies, prepared with all the polite and eaſy readineſs of a Sir Clement Cotterell, to introduce him to the royal preſence of the public.

What

What attractions of different paſſions, to keep up the ebb and flow of the ſoul! —What alternate weights to continue the ſee-ſaw of hopes and fears in his mind!—It will be well if he keeps conſtantly firm in his ſeat, when the equipoiſed board riſes or falls, for without great care he will be exceedingly apt to tumble in either ſituation.

Yet variouſly agitated, as the mind of the author is, hope and fear inſpire and depreſs not him only in this remarkable manner; one other perſon there is, who experiences theſe bitter—ſweet viciſſitudes nearly as often, and much in the ſame manner as he,—I mean —the hero of the Turf; and indeed I cannot help thinking, but there is an amazing analogy, between the writer of a book, and the breeder of a race-horſe.

Mark how, in parallel lines, with
equal pace, and ſide by ſide they run—

The writer forms his growing work with the moſt attentive care, views, with concern, its defects, eyes with ſatisfaction its animated fire, heightens, improves, eraſes, alters; carries it on for five years (Horace ſays nine) in a continual ſtate of progreſſive improvement; and then, with beating heart and anxious expectation, ventures it abroad to meet the public eye. Then are the moments of ſuſpence and anxiety, then alternate hopes and fears, agitate his boſom; attention, curioſity, pleaſure, concern, raiſe and depreſs him by turns;—and this is his ſtate, during the firſt run of his book, for perhaps a fortnight after its publication, till his readers determine, whether he is to receive the palm of applauſe, or

to

to be consigned over to neglect and oblivion.

Mark, now at his side the hero of the Turf; he rears his colt, yet wild and young, with the closest attention and care; notes its faults, corrects his vicious tricks, eyes its well turned limbs with satisfaction and pleasure; hopes its established strength; now doubts its speed, and now assures himself, that his growing care will out-strip the wind. Thus for five years the loved creature, rising under his hands, engages all his thoughts; it is then produced upon the course, and entered for the plate;——Look—look—observe, upon the owner's fluctuating countenance, the varying hopes and fears that fill his mind; see how joy sparkles in his eyes, and lightens up every feature, as his fleet courser draws towards the goal the foremost in the

race

race; or if it drops or fails diſtanced in the courſe, mark how vexation and diſappointment ſadden his countenance, and diſtort, with unremitting anguiſh, his unſettled look.———Heigh ho! well, after all, this buſineſs of horſe-racing any more than the buſineſs of writing, is *not quite the thing*——it keeps the mind in perpetual commotion;—Surely, if one would add any thing to that ſevere wiſh againſt a foe—*Oh that mine enemy had written a book!*—It ſhould be—*Oh that mine enemy were maſter of a race-horſe!*—

But huſh!—I forget———Panegyric is my buſineſs, and not ——— drop the curtain.

CHAP. XXVIII.

OF SOMETHING.

——Docta Matheſis
Illa aperit clauſum quicquid Olympus habet.

HAIL, firſt of European Univerſities, Cambridge! Firſt in ſcience and in purity of morals, if not firſt in years!—From thee thy virtuous ſons imbibe the juſteſt notions of religion and ſtrict morality; for how careful art thou, in thy maternal care, to form the tender minds of youth to temperance and modeſt virtue!—Who ever heard of time being thrown away, upon dice and cards, within thy ſacred precincts, which is there dedicated to learning and religion? Who ever ſaw in the youths, nurtured by thy diligent hand, the leaſt ſigns of foppery or extravagance?

vagance? How readily obedient to the rules of diſcipline are thy younger, and how exact, in inculcating thoſe rules, are thine elder children! Is it not well known (or if it is not, I, once foſtered by thy care, in gratitude deſire it ſhould be) that they, to whom youth are peculiarly intruſted, are peculiarly watchful of their charge? Is it not well known, that every tutor of thy ſociety daily attends to the behavior of his pupils, and nightly viſits, inſpects, examines, in perſon, their conduct, to prevent idle hours, or the ſcandal of nocturnal riots? Is it not well known, that, through the care of thoſe attentive gentlemen, youth are not ſuffered to ſquander their parents money, or their own time in idle expeditions to town, on horſes or hounds, or in profuſe entertainments? Is it not well known, that they teach them by example, as well as precept, to be regular, temperate, frugal—

frugal—to be decently ſatisfied with innocently-chearful evenings, ſpent in uſeful, or amuſing converſation, without draining their purſes with delicate ſuppers, or undermining their health with deſtructive wines?

Happy ſpot! Where inward purity of morals, is equally regarded with outward regularity of behavior; where the ſuperiors are no leſs careful and ſtrict in their government, than the inferiors are modeſt and regular in their obedience!

If we view thy pre-eminence in arts and ſciences, where is the fountain from which flow ſuch pure ſtreams of elegance and poetry, as are occaſionally exhibited, O ſweet ſeat of the muſes, in thy gratulatory or conſolatory verſes? Where ſhall we meet with ſuch complete and unanſwerable treatiſes, as have been publiſhed

liſhed by thy learned ſons within the laſt ten years, in defence of virtue and religion, and in oppoſition to Atheiſts, Deiſts, and Freethinkers? What immortal honour have they lately gained, by their numerous and juſt anſwers to the artful author of the *Life of Pole*, and how effectually did they ſilence, by their learned and laborious confutations, about ſeven years ago, the pert writer of the *man after God's own Heart*? While thy ſiſter Oxford, the Diſſenters and the church of England herſelf, ſtood by and admired the proweſs of thy ſons, in ſilence! Well hereby, and carefully didſt thou provide, that the carping world might not ſay, thy watchmen ſlumbered in their poſts, or beheld the bold ravages of infidelity, with a careleſs eye of liſtleſs unconcern. Where is the Univerſity that cultivates the polite arts, the *Literæ humaniores*, with ſo much attention as thou doſt?—

Yet,

Yet, though thy judicious eye beholds them with regard, ſtill that regard is cold, in compariſon of the benign ray of favour, which thou caſteſt upon mathematical learning. The proficients in this, thou wiſely crowneſt with thy higheſt honours; on theſe thy applauſe is beſtowed, and thy favours ſhowered with the readieſt voice and the moſt liberal hand. What, though this kind of learning requires no more, than the laborious *application of a drudge; though it calls not for one ray of genius to ſhoot through the darkneſs of the mind; yet wiſely, and with the profoundeſt judgment, doſt thou nurſe and cheriſh it, beyond every other ſcience, as well knowing its excellent uſe upon every occaſion,

* Quo tamen in genere ita multi perfecti homines extiterunt, ut nemo fere ſtuduiſſe ei Scientiae vehementius videatur quin quod voluerit conſecutus ſit.———

Cicero de Oratore, Lib. 1.

and

and eſpecially its great and admirable ſervice upon *the plains of Newmarket*.

Excuſe, reader, this long and fond addreſs to a parent, whoſe foſtering care I gratefully remember, and whoſe praiſes I cannot but celebrate, eſpecially ſince my ſubject, as you ſee, preſented me with ſo fair an opportunity.

Hail too, Newmarket! Happy, as in various other things, ſo in thy fortunate vicinity to Cambridge!—For by means of that lucky circumſtance, the adventurous youth may come freſh from his ſtudies, full of mathematical knowledge, and form an exact *calculation of the odds* upon thy verdant plains; with a mind, temper'd by that deep ſcience, he may, at noon, lay his bets judiciouſly on thy Turf, and at night, with equal

ſkill,

ſkill, may calculate the chances at thy card-tables.

I am much obliged to the Rev. Mr. Turner, late of Magdalen-hall, Oxford, author of *Plain Trigonometry made eaſy*, for the motto, which I have borrowed from his work, and prefixed to this chapter. It was ſo wonderfully applicable, that I could not but adopt it, for ſurely nothing can be more ſuitable than his lines, which expreſsly aſſert, that — *Mathematical Learning will open all the ſecrets of Newmarket.* Let us now reduce this theory to practice. Let A, B, C, D, repreſent four horſes ſtarted for the plate. B and D take the lead, A puſhes cloſe upon them, and C brings up the rear. Now as (by propoſition the 10th—See R— ſyſtem of natural philoſophy) *the ſpaces, deſcribed by bodies moving uniformly, are as the velocities, and*

times of motions conjointly—that is, the ground gone over by a horſe, in a certain time, will be ſo much the ſooner gone over, as the horſe moves faſter, and ſo much the longer in being paſſed over, as the horſe moves ſlower;——that is, the velocity of C is to A, as 1 to 2, and the velocity of A to B, D, as 3 to 5—then the odds are greatly againſt C, and A, though in a different ratio, which the mathematical reader will ſee in an inſtant.

I have put this caſe in the eaſieſt light poſſible, but many others might be formed a thouſand times more intricate, yet eaſily unravelled by the powers of mathematical demonſtration——Or ſuppoſe the horſe A = v, the time of motion = t, and the ſpace deſcribed = s, then, from what has been ſaid, it appears, that A + C = D — B, and by conſequence,

ſequence, that A has a better chance than C of coming up to, and out-ſtripping D, B.——Q. E. D.——

Now let us retire to the evening amuſements of the card-table; but carry our mathematical ſkill with us, or we ſhall be nothing.

Let E, F, G, H, make a party at whiſt; E and F are partners; G plays off a ſmall club, which is a trump; E,—

What means that horrid opening of thy mouth, my friend, and that feebleneſs of thy hand, which ſeems unable to ſupport my book? Patience, man, patience;—what! Knoweſt thou not that I am now explaining to thee the moſt profound parts of philoſophy; that I am proving to thee, by the ſtricteſt demonſtration, that two and two make four,

and the whole marrow of numberleſs propoſitions in Euclid, which, though thou ſeeſt the meaning of in an inſtant, and they are clear to thee as day, without a proof, yet muſt thou not be ſuffered to underſtand them, without a long demonſtration, ſtuck elegantly full of entertaining capitals.

Let us go on, therefore; E plays another ſmall one, E's partner F——

"I declare, Mr Author, if you go on "thus, I will not read a ſyllable more "in your book."——

Dear Sir, how captious you are!—So, ſo; ſoftly, ſoftly, we will humour you:—but, my good reader, did you never look into Mr. Hoyle? You will there find whole pages affording you this ſublime entertainment—and are you hardy

hardy enough to declare, that Mr. Hoyle, the laborious and useful Mr. Hoyle, is an author not worth reading?

Let me tell you, that the study of the mathematics is a most excellent preparative to the perusal of Hoyle's works. I knew once a young gentleman, of a poetical genius, and a very pretty scholar, who had an inclination to be an adept at cards, and therefore he undertook to read this great author, whom we speak of; the young man had not got through four pages, before he was seized with a most dismal oscitation, the *Ossa Maxillarum*, were divided and distended in a remarkable manner, and the fits attacked him with severe and vociferous repetition; unterrified by these symptoms, he still went on with resolution, and, in a short time, perceived a torpor or heaviness in the eye, with a frequent and slow

ſhutting and opening the eye-lids, attended with now and then a gentle inclination of the head, and a knocking of the *os menti* upon the breaſt.—Rouſed by theſe unuſual ſenſations, he laid down the book for five minutes, walked about his room a little to recollect himſelf, and then ſat down again to another peruſal. He had not read now ten minutes, before he perceived a painful throbbing in his *Cerebellum*, and his head (like Sullen's in the play) *began to ake conſumedly*:—he was, by conſequence, unable to purſue his deſign any further, and was obliged to throw the book aſide entirely.—

—Now all this aroſe from want of initiatory ſtudy in mathematical problems, which would have inured him to ſuch deep and cloſe attention, would naturally have prevented the pain and laſſitude, above deſcribed, and the young man

man might, with about ſix hours application in a day, for the ſpace of little more than two years, have made a hopeful gameſter;——aſk Dr. Warburton elſe? What ſay you, my Lord?

His Lordſhip ſays—* "The diſcipline "of the mathematicks, habituates the "mind to think long and cloſely—" I am perfectly of the good Biſhop's mind, and therefore urge, that if the young gentleman had been diſciplined in this manner, he had been free from theſe terrible diſorders, and qualified to read Hoyle, many of whoſe caſes require as ſtrict and cloſe application, as the abſtruſeſt problems of Euclid or Archimedes.

Nor on the Turf, or at the card-table alone, is this deep ſcience of ſervice;

* Preface to Julian.

it is alſo of great uſe at *that board of green cloth*, the billiard-table.

—Were it not that I am unwilling to run the hazard of my readers frowns, I would preſent him with an accurate demonſtration, which would infallibly direct him to ſtrike his adverſary's ball by reflection—— Shall I give it you, Sir? Do permit me;——it is very prettily ſpangled with capitals, and will not take you above ſix hours attention to comprehend, and that you know is a trifle;—what ſay you, my dear Sir, will you permit me?——Ah, he is croſs and won't——well, I can't help it; you don't know what you loſe; but I am ſure now you don't think I am ſerious; that's a vile thing, when a man is as grave as a coifed head, to be accuſed of levity!—But, however, to convince you that I am not in jeſt, you may only turn

to

to page the 9th of Euclid, published by Whiston, and there you will find this useful proof at full length.

Who now will say or think, that Newmarket is an enemy to learning, when such eminent proofs of the skill of its votaries have been so strongly instanced? And how clearly does what I have here treated of, prove the veracity of that saying——

When house and land are gone and spent,
Then learning is most excellent.

Most excellent it is, you see to procure us more *houses and lands*, by enabling us to frequent the Turf to advantage, and repair our broken fortunes, by laying the safest bets, and playing the surest cards. There is certainly, Sir, more wisdom than you would imagine, in the rhyming proverbs of the vulgar.

And

And all these great advantages, which I have mentioned, the Olympic course was an absolute stranger to;—learned as ancient Greece was, upon the course her learning was of no service;—for such strange creatures were the Greeks, (would you think it?) That they had no higher notions of a wager, than perhaps a beechen bowl, or a shepherd's crook; and as to a polite bet upon the course, which wrestler should throw his antagonist, or which chariot should arrive first at the goal, (would you believe it?) they had no more notion of such a thing, than a blind man has of colours, or a deaf of sounds.

CHAP. XXIX.

OF A CHARIOT.

Occupat ille levem juvenili corpore currum.
Ovid.

NOW I mention a chariot, I cannot but obſerve, that the ancient chariots were the clumſieſt, moſt awkward contrivances that ever were put together. A heavy, though ſmall four wheeled machine, cloſed up before and open behind, and raiſed four inches from the ground, which a child, of five years old, drags along the ſtreet in his play, is almoſt an exact repreſentation of the ancient chariots in miniature.

Give me leave, reader, to aſk you a queſtion in this place.——You know that

that connection, order, and method, are very pretty things, and of high conſequence in a work of this nature; now I would aſk you, don't you think the connection between this chapter and the laſt, very natural, and the chain that unites them, extremely like the artful ties of the fables of Ovid?

You do, you ſay;—It is very well, but think not I would arrogate a merit to myſelf which I do not deſerve, the thought is not my own; had it been (ſuch is my modeſty) I had paſt it over, as I have numberleſs others, in this deep work of mine, which you, I am ſure, will take notice of;—but I borrowed the hint from Dr. Young;—that admirable writer catches a word, at the end of a line, before it can fall to the ground, and begins another verſe with it in the happieſt manner imaginable. Inſtances innume-

innumerable from his *Night-thoughts* might be given, but take an example from an ingenious imitator of him, who saw this beauty, and transferred it to his imitation, with great propriety and elegance.

———*When arriv'd*
At the high ſpoke of fortune's envied wheel—
Wheel! Life's a wheel, and each man is the aſs
That turns it, oft receiving in the end
But water, and rank thiſtles for his pains.

Not unlike the gentleman, who, deſirous to tell his company ſomething about a gun, introduced it with—"Hark! "Was not that a gun went off? Oh "now you talk of a gun, I will tell "you a ſtory.———

Thus Dr. Young——*of ſublunary bliſs.*
Bliſs! ſublunary bliſs; proud words and vain

Thus

Thus his imitator———*envied wheel*:—
Wheel! Life's a wheel——

Thus I (the laſt and the leaſt)——
"which chariot ſhould arrive, &c.—
"Now I mention a chariot, I cannot
"but obſerve, &c."

I think if a name were required for this happy rhetorical figure, we would call it a *Sampſoniſmus*;——But to return to our chariots.———It muſt be allowed, that the deſcription of the Chariot-races, on the Olympic ground, makes a glorious figure in verſe, eſpecially Greek verſe; ſhall I repeat you a hundred or two of them, from the Electra of Sophocles———But I recall my offer for fear my memory ſhould fail me, and to tranſcribe ſo much from another, is a meanneſs that my ſoul cannot brook—that therefore muſt be let alone;—but how-

however noble the deſcription may ſound to our ears, the fight, I am convinced, would have afforded but little ſatisfaction to our eyes,—unleſs heavily-moving chariots, confuſion, duſt and miſchief, are allowed to be agreeable objects.

Now change the ſcene to Newmarket, and mark the ſuperior ſkill in machinery exhibited upon thoſe plains. 'Tis true, Chariot-races are no part of the diverſions there, but to ſhew what we could do if we pleaſe, we refer you to a ſcene, exhibited ſome years ſince by a noble Lord, and leave it to your own judgment, whether the glory of the Olympic Chariot-races, be not effectually eclipſed by one ſingle piece of mechaniſm; the plain and unadorned hiſtory of which (it needs no meritricious art of rhetorical ornament) I ſhall oppoſe, to the pompous

and

and poetical deſcriptions of Pindar, Sophocles, and Virgil—"Mark now how "plain a tale ſhall put them down."

Some few years ago, a wager of a thouſand guineas was laid, that four horſes ſhould draw a carriage, with four wheels, and a perſon in or upon it, nineteen miles in one hour; in conſequence of which a mechanical genius was ſet at work, and a carriage, light as was poſſible, was contrived, and, at the appointed time, produced with a perſon ſeated on it, ready to ſtart upon the plains of Newmarket.—It is impoſſible for the reader to have an adequate idea of this elegant piece of machinery, unleſs he had ſeen it, or, indeed, to give him any idea at all, unleſs he had ſeen a print of it. Suffice it therefore to tell him, that the two leading horſes, including riders, ſaddles, and harneſs, carried about eight

ſtone,

ſtone, each wheel-horſe about ſeven ſtone, and the carriage, with the perſon that rode in it, weighed about four and twenty ſtone.

At the time appointed the machine ſet off, amidſt an incredible number of ſpectators; it ſeemed to fly; nay, for the firſt four miles, its motion was inconceivably rapid, as for that ſpace, the horſes ran away with their riders; but they were ſoon managed, and they went over the allotted ground in fifty-three minutes and twenty-ſeven ſeconds——

One thing I muſt juſt obſerve, that the harneſs was ſo ingeniouſly contrived, as by certain little neat pullies fixt properly in it, to ſhew when and which horſes drew moſt.——

Upon the whole, how happily was the mechanical ſcience of the *Axis in*

Peritrochio, and in particular the doctrine of weights and pullies, here applied! A ſcience, which our *alma mater* wiſely expects all her ſons to underſtand; who, though they may not make coaches or chaiſes, nor conſtruct jacks and watches, may yet *lay wagers at Newmarket*; and, if they are deficient in this ſcience, they may ſuffer for their ignorance.

CHAP. XXX.

OF MATCHES.

Οχεια τ' ιςα ταμοντες——— Homer Il.

DID you ever see the form of a Newmarket match, Sir?——No!—then I'll give you one.

NEWMARKET, *April* 7, 1762. *Scipio and Lælius, carrying eight stone ten pounds each, are matched to run over the Beacon Course, on Tuesday, in the second October Meeting,* 1765, *for five hundred guineas each, half forfeit—The Duke of* DEEPURSE *maintains Scipio, and Lord* SHALLOWFORD *Lælius; to start at the usual hours, with a power reserved to alter the day and hour, or either, by consent,*

Signed { DEEPURSE. SHALLOWFORD.

I am enabled to preſent my reader with this original, by means of my grocer, who, the laſt time my ſervant was at his ſhop, put half a dozen ſugar-plumbs into the original paper, twiſted it up, without any reſpect to the great names it contained, and reaching over the counter, with "my love to maſter "Billy, and that's for him"—put it into the ſervant's hand.——When the fellow returned, and Billy had got his prize, the little man came ſkipping to me—— "Look, here Pappa! See what Mr. Car- "raway has ſent me, will you have any?" Inſtantly the curioſity, that contained them, caught my eye——"No, my "dear, but ſtill we'll divide the matter, "I'll take the paper, and you ſhall take "the plumbs, and ſee who has the bet- "ter bargain."

My

My little boy, delighted as he was, could not, I am ſure for the life of him, be more pleaſed with his ſugar-plumbs, than his father was with the cover of them; and ſo we parted, he to eat his dainties, and I to devour the contents of the paper, left in my hands.

There are many things in this piece, highly deſerving our conſideration. As to the writing, it was a neat and elegant law-hand, and it was ſigned by the hands of the noble perſons themſelves.

'Indeed, Sir, you are monſtrouſly rude to ſuppoſe they ſet their reſpective marks, for, I aſſure you, their names were both written;—what, though they were not the moſt legible that ever were ſeen, would you oblige a Peer to write like a Schoolmaſter?—It muſt be confeſſed, that SHALLOWFORD was

written in ſo extraordinary a hand, that a man muſt have been an admirable decypherer to have made it out—but what of that?—The lawyer, who wrote the paper; had told us the names of both—but I ſuppoſe his Lordſhip was in a hurry, for it is well known that he can write, ay, and even read too if occaſion were. Beſides, a Nobleman's time is ſo very precious, that it is not to be waſted in formally writing ſuch horrid long words——SHALLOWFORD! What an enormous polſyſyllable for a Right Honourable hand to pen! It is too much; it puts his Lordſhip under the ſame deplorable difficulties with the King in the tragedy of tragedies.

Oh Dollalolla! Curſe that odious name,
It is ſo long it takes an hour to ſpeak it,
By heaven! I'll have it changed to Doll or Loll,
Or ſome more civil monoſyllable,
That will not tire me in repeating.

I have

I have ſometimes had thoughts of applying to an ingenious engraver, expert at imitating hands, and at others, to deſire my Printer to pick out Arabic types, which, I am ſure would come very near the matter, in order to oblige the curious reader with a repreſentation of the name; —but, upon conſidering the difficulty of procuring ſuch engraver, and the extraordinary trouble of Arabic types, I have dropt the deſign, as all readers are not equally curious; (though ſuch a curioſity is certainly laudable) and for thoſe that are, I muſt beg the favour of them, for once, to be ſatisfied with my aſſurances.

But Lord DEEPURSE *maintains* Scipio, and "Lord SHALLOWFORD "maintains Lælius"—What grave and ſerious exactneſs is here uſed, and in what full and expreſſive words is it con-

veyed! A ſeriouſneſs and ſolemnity of expreſſion, truly becoming the weighty and important ſubject.——Pray what does the word *maintains* mean in this place? I preſume it means *engages to produce*, which, I apprehend, is an expreſſion peculiar to Newmarket; and I would recommend it to Dr. Johnſon, in the next edition of his Dictionary, to inſert that, or a better explanation of the word *maintain*.

And pray, my good Lord DEEPURSE, and you Lord SHALLOWFORD, have you a long leaſe of your own lives, and of the lives of your horſes?

It ſhould appear, however, that you had, ſome time ſince, a term of three years and a half certain, by your engaging

gaging Scipio and Lælius in April 1762, to appear in October 1765.

What a happy assurance (don't mistake me, friend, I mean *certainty*) in the English nobility is this, to be able to reckon so far upon life, as to make no more of appointing to appear, upon the plains of Newmarket, at three years end, than they would now, while sitting in their own dining-room, to promise to be in the saloon in five minutes time? Is this assurance peculiar to the hero of the Turf, or is it a privilege of the Peerage?——Is it—

Sir, will your questions never end?

Cries the impatient reader; "you suppose "what cannot be supposed."——

As how pray?

"Why,

" Why, will you ſay that this agree-
" ment is real, or wiſh me to believe
" that Peers can be ſo——what ſhall I
" call it?——As to make matches to be
" determined at ſuch a diſtance of time?
" —Beſides, to talk of leaſes of lives—
" Piſh!"——

Leaſes of lives! my friend;—why, would not any body imagine the noble perſons were certain, by the ſtrength of their engagement? And beſides, is there a word ſaid of *the adminiſtrators, executors, or aſſigns* fulfilling the engagements in caſe of death? You ſee, therefore, plainly they intend, and are ſure they ſhall act for themſelves;—where then, I would fain know, is the impropriety of the queſtion I aſk?

But, reader, you touch me in a tender point, when you doubt my veracity —" Will

—"Will I ſay that this agreement is "real!" Yes, ſurely, will I;—I ſhall, indeed, bear this inſinuation with the patience due from an author to a reader, (—though let the world judge on which ſide the obligation lies, as I write to pleaſe you, and you read to pleaſe yourſelf—) but I muſt beg you to be more ſparing of your ſuſpicions; and as to Peers being ſo—what ſhall you call it? —I do aſſure you there are ſome that can be as—what ſhall we call it?—as you or I can be for the lives of us.

However, to remove every ſhadow of ſuſpicion, will you go with me to the coffee-room?

"I attend you."

Come on then.

CHAP. XXXI.

THE COFFEE-ROOM.

Ιατρειον ψυχης——

COME, Sir, I have intereſt enough with Mr. Davis, maſter of the coffee-room, to procure the key—here it is—we ſhall ſoon be there—we are now arrived—walk in, Sir, if you pleaſe.

" And this is the coffee-room, which " ſo modeſtly turns its back upon the " ſtreet, as if to ſhun the public view in " ſilent retirement.

Yes, Sir, this is the coffee-room—how do you like it?——" Mighty " well; large, plain, and elegantly neat, but

" but not grand enough, methinks, for " the noble company that frequent it."

Oh, Sir, that is the modeſt humility of the noble company——but I ſee you are particularly engaged in examination; favour me with your opinion of what you ſee.

" Why, I muſt confeſs, I think the " place admirably adapted to the inten- " tion of ſtillneſs, ſocial amuſement, " and wiſe diſcourſe, for which it was " doubtleſs deſigned. Thoſe boxes are, " I dare ſay, purpoſely divided, to avoid " the confuſion and hurry of a general " mixture of company, and to receive a " ſelect party, of half a dozen gentle- " men, who, leaving the buſtle and hurry " of the Turf, and the tide of anxious " paſſions that attend it, meet here to " unbend

" unbend the mind with calm and
" amuſing converſation."

Good!—But pray, Sir, go on.—

" But what pleaſes me particularly is
" the great number of books that lie
" yonder together; they are, I ſuppoſe,
" books of morality, of wiſe ſayings and
" inſtructive maxims, kept here for the
" uſe and improvement of the noble
" company that frequent the place.
" They are, I ſee, all bound alike, plain
" and neat, ſuitable to the ſimplicity of
" every thing elſe in the room, and to
" make the outſide agreeable, in honeſt
" plainneſs, to the ſolid wiſdom and
" depth of ſcience, which, I preſume,
" are contained in the inſide:——but
" you ſmile;—have I ſaid any thing?"—

Indeed,

Indeed, Sir, you entertain me highly; I beg of you to continue your remarks.

"Upon that table I obſerve, what "gives me the higheſt ſatisfaction to "ſee——a large FOLIO BIBLE."

(A Bible! I ſhall certainly burſt—*Aſide*)

"This is, doubtleſs, a very wiſe de- "ſign, to keep that book here for many "reaſons, as——

Ha! Ha! Ha!—I can contain no longer, nor ſuffer you to continue in your miſtake; that, Sir, which you ſuppoſe to be a Bible, is no other than a *book of matches*, fairly entered, and kept here for annual uſe.

"You aſtoniſh me". ———

Fact,

Fact, I aſſure you ; you need only look into it to be convinced——Now, Sir, what think you ?

" Think ! Why, I think I was never " more miſtaken in all my life."

And yet, my friend, I own your miſtake is very natural, for the book is certainly very like what you ſuppoſed it to be ;—but you would have been confirmed in your error, had you been a ſpectator of the following ſcene.

A young gentleman of fortune, who had travelled, and, ſince his return, was become very fond of Newmarket, was here entertaining a circle, with ſome remarkable adventures he had met with abroad. He ſat in this very ſpot, leaning his left hand upon this very table, and this very folio lay ſhut beſide him.

The

The ſubject of his narrative, was the horrid battle he fought, ſome few years ſince, in France, with the wild beaſt of the Gevaudan, which made ſuch havock there. He and his retinue had engaged the monſter, full half an hour, with all the proweſs of hardy knights in romance; when perceiving certain of the company inclined to yawn, he was determined to rouſe them at once by a noble ſtroke.——"I had with me, ſaid "he, only ſix ſervants, and, in ſpite of "all our efforts, the monſter devoured "four of them, before my eyes, in leſs "than half an hour"—

—A dragon of Wantly! certainly, ſaid one of the company—"My Lord, "returned the traveller, you may make "a doubt of what I ſay perhaps, but I "will take my oath"—here he turned himſelf half round, and clapped his hand

upon this book—as who ſhould ſay —here is my bible—" that every ſyllable " of what I have ſaid is true. Now, whether he only layed his hand upon the folio inadvertently, and in the warmth of his reſentment, or whether he ſeriouſly meant to back his aſſertion upon the *book of matches*, certain it is, that the company granted the validity of his proof, and the truth of the ſtory was allowed without further debate.

But, now we have this book open before us, you will pleaſe to recollect, that you doubted the reality of the agreement, in the former chapter, Sir, and talked of improbable ſuppoſitions, and ſo forth;—now then take the trouble to obſerve a few of theſe agreements—ſee here,—look there,—obſerve this,—mark that,—are they not in the ſame form of words as that I have given you, and are not many

of

of them made for a very distant time?—You are now, I hope, convinced, and can no more, like Dick in Prior's Alma, cry, with a turned-up nose,

Such truths, indeed, are worth receiving,
Nor more assume his incredulous look—
But still Dick look'd as not believing.

This large and valuable book, it seems, wants a title; let us consider of a proper one to prefix to it; as the ancients wrote over the entrance to their libraries, *Physic for the soul*, I would propose to write, in the first leaf of this folio, *Physic for the pocket*. To be sure, it contains a large and admirable collection of receipts, to cure a plethora or fullness of the purse, and they are wrote and signed by the ablest physicians of the Turf, so that it may not improperly be reckoned a *Newmarket dispensatory*. The success of these recipes in curing the above disorder, is such, that a pocket,

which in the morning has had a perfect tympany of guineas, has often, by the application of one of theſe doſes, had ſo complete a cathartic, as, before night, to be reduced to a meer nothing, and been ſhrunk and ſhrivelled like a withered eel-ſkin.——

And ſo obliging are theſe phyſicians, that they will phyſic their own pockets to purge thoſe of the numerous aſſembly, upon the plains of Newmarket. Two of them ſhall meet here, ſign their names to a receipt, and, lo! at the day appointed to adminiſter, at leaſt five hundred purſes receive a complete purge, and get rid of that fulneſs, at once, which is ſo very diſagreeable.

But ſometimes a conſultation of phyſicians is held; five or ſix of them get together, write their recipe, fix their names, and,

and, behold, the Doctors themſelves, all, except one, ſhall be handſomely purged; but of the ſpectators, it is impoſſible to ſay what an amazing number are cleared of thoſe peccant humours, their ſuperfluous guineas.

Recipe Caballum, take horſe, was a wiſe recipe for a conſumption of the body;——*Take a horſe-race*, is as certain a cure for an immoderate fulneſs of the purſe.

Before we leave the room, Sir, I will juſt deſire you to take notice of that map; it repreſents Newmarket, and the country round it, for a few miles; methinks there is great propriety in hanging it there, as every hero of the Turf may, occaſionally, feaſt his eyes with the ſpot, in which he ſo much delights; and as the courſe is moſt exactly delineated, may

run over again at night, in fancy, the races, which he fo happily enjoyed, in reality, by day.—You have heard what delight the great Tully took, in fancying, while he walked along the academic groves, that he converfed with the wifeft philofophers, and trod in the very footfteps of the immortal Plato.—Such a rational delight may the frequenters of the Turf take, in contemplating this map; they may dwell with pleafure on the delightful fcene, and fancy they can lay a finger in the footfteps of their dear horfe, and point out the very fpot, where he firft appeared to gain a head of his rival courfers.

Stay a moment:—we muft not forget thofe books, which you fuppofed, Sir, to contain wife maxims and moral fentences—pleafe to open one of them—well, what do you find?——

"This

"This is a calendar of the races of "the year—but let me ſee another——

Nay, Sir, *ex uno diſce omnes*—if you ſee one, you ſee all—for they are every one the ſame—but I would only aſk—would you deſire to ſee wiſer maxims, and more moral ſentences, than are contained in theſe inſtructive pages?

I think we have now taken a full view of the coffee-room—and I hope, reader, we have ſpent no diſagreeable half hour in it; we will now take our leave of it, and return the key to the maſter of the room.

Mr. Davies, here is your key—and we are much obliged to you for the uſe of it.

A ha! Mr. Author, cries an hero of the Turf, have I caught you at laſt!

You are a ſtranger, I am ſure, and know nothing of the place—the maſter of the coffee-room's name is not *Davies*; you have betrayed your ignorance; you have got the wrong name, I aſſure you——

Have I, my hero? then you may put in the right name, if you like it.——

CHAP. XXXII.

THE DEVIL'S DITCH.

Falsis terroribus implet
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis modo ponit
Athenis. Horace.

LET us now look back, and take a tranſient view of the Olympic plains.

The ſcene is certainly grand:—mark the chariots in their ranks ready to ſtart; you may perceive the feelings of the youthful charioteers, in their varying looks and eager geſtures; they wait impatiently for the ſignal; now they ſpring forth:—the chariots appear to fly; the fervid wheels ſcarcely ſeem to preſs the ground; the anxious charioteers——

Bleſs

Bleſs me! what flaſh was that?—

The anxious charioteers now riſe in their ſeats, now encourage their horſes, and ſeem to devour the ground, which rolls rapidly under them, with precipitate impatience. Heavens! What clouds of duſt aſcend and obſcure the ſky; twice have the glowing wheels turned round the pillar, and yon car preſſed upon cloſely by two others, which ſeem to keep ſide to ſide, and leave the reſt of the competitors———

Again! Another flaſh! It ſeemed—

Run quickly; fly, cut the traces; diſengage the entangled horſes; raiſe the fallen charioteers, ſo:—it might have been worſe, but happily there has been no miſchief done.

The horſes of that ſhattered chariot took fright, at yon altar of Taraxippus, from which, methought, as they paſſed, I perceived a flaſh of livid lightning; but I might be miſtaken.

Mr. Weſt will give you an entertaining and ſatisfactory account of this terrifying deity, and to him, reader, I refer you; it might perhaps ſpare you ſome trouble if I was to quote his words, but I hate any thing that looks ſo dirtily, as filling up two or three pages of my work with long quotations; beſides, for my own ſake, I beg to be excuſed, as, of all things in the world, I deteſt the drudgery of tranſcribing; making my exerciſe, when I was a ſchool-boy, was a pleaſure; it was the *writing it over fair*, under which I groaned a inſupportable toil, merely becauſe the words (for all they were my own words) had been

written

written before; and I remember, I thought my worthy maſter a worſe than Egyptian taſkmaſter, for nightly impoſing upon me this horrid work.—

Shade of the guide and guardian of my youth! Forgive this light reflection upon thy memory, before which I bow with the moſt affectionate veneration; I acknowledge gratefully thy tender care, and recollect with pleaſure thy gentle——watchful——but why need I urge this?—If thou, bleſt ſpirit, leaning from thy heaven, hearedſt, a few months ſince, the heartfelt ſigh, which I breathed, as I contemplated the ſpot that covers thy venerable duſt; and beheldeſt the reſpectful tear, which I dropt upon the marble, as I read thine epitaph;—that ſigh and that tear, ſpoke a more forcible language than words can utter:—happy! If I diſgrace not thy memory, nor prove

an

an exception to the aſſertion of the elegant inſcription, * which I read through my tears.

The good-natured reader will excuſe this apoſtrophe, and I return to my ſubject.

Suffice it for me to tell you, Sir, that this Taraxippus was an imaginary deity, near whoſe altar, as the horſes paſſed, they were frequently ſeized with ſuch terrors, as made them ſcorn the rein, and endanger the lives of the charioteers. What arts the managers of the courſe made uſe of to raiſe theſe terrors, I pretend not to ſay—thus far I can only obſerve, that it was abſolutely neceſſary to have the horſes moſt carefully broke, that they might not ſtart, or fly out at

* The words alluded to are——Felici ipſe ingenio puerorum ingenia feliciter excoluit.——

any

any ſudden ſound, or terrifying appearance. But, whatever might have been their arts to raiſe theſe terrors, it is certain the invention was not their own; they borrowed the original thought from the plains of Newmarket.

We will now ſhift the ſcene, and remove to thoſe plains.

By the magic of this wand—my pen—why may not the pen of a grave writer have magic in it, as well as the pen of a freethinker?——I ſhall convey you, reader, to the *Devil's Ditch*, and call up divers perſonages, whoſe converſation you ſhall be witneſs to.

There:—we are now upon the high ridge of this vaſt mound:—See, who comes here———

Enter

Enter two ANTIQUARIANS.

FIRST ANTIQUARIAN

Well:—this is indeed a wonderful ſcene, and truly venerable; I would travel a thouſand miles, moſt freely, to feaſt my eyes, with ſuch a ſight as this, at the end of my journey.

SECOND ANTIQUARIAN.

Why, really, brother, it is a noble view; what an immenſe length it ſtretches itſelf out into the diſtant country! And what a depth the foſſe is;—but let us go into the bottom, we ſhall there be better judges of the vaſtneſs of the hollow—(*they deſcend.*)

FIRST ANTIQUARIAN.

For my part, I am amazed, as I look up at the height above me; was it art or nature think you? If it was art, the labour

labour, in throwing up ſuch a quantity of earth, muſt have been prodigious.

SECOND ANTIQUARIAN.

Oh very great, certainly, yet it muſt have been art; and I now plainly perceive the deſign of it; (—indeed there is no judging of theſe things, unleſs we examine with our own eyes—) it was, undoubtedly, thrown up by the Britons, as a barrier againſt the Saxon incurſions.

FIRST ANTIQUARIAN.

What makes you think ſo?

SECOND ANTIQUARIAN.

Don't you obſerve long lines or ridges along the ſteep ſides of the ditch; they are evidently the remains of the traces of aſſailants, certain *ſcalæ* or ladders, as it were, that the Saxons (with infinite labour and hazard, to be ſure from

from the ſhowers of arrows, which the Britons would pour upon them from above) cut out to facilitate their aſcent; —are you of the ſame mind?

FIRST ANTIQUARIAN.

Yes, indeed, I am; the thing ſpeaks itſelf; but there is no judging of theſe curious matters, unleſs one ſees and examines them in perſon.——

[*Vaniſh Antiquarians.*

Thus, gentle reader, theſe ſpeculative gentlemen amuſe themſelves; I could not but ſmile at the *certain ſcalæ or ladders as it were*, which, I aſſure you, are neither more nor leſs, than the narrow paths of harmleſs ſheep, worn here by their inceſſant wandring as they graze; but, 'St:——

Enter two COUNTRYMEN.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN.

Lauk! Yow, Roger, what a ſtrange place this is! Look up—why it is eenamoſt as high as a ſteeple.

SECOND COUNTRYMAN.

Aye, ſo it is; I wonders thay ſhip don't tumble down dizzy; that there ſtand nation high indeed. But, Tom, I wonders how long tuh have been dug—

FIRST COUNTRYMAN.

How long! Oh, a mortal while; I dare to ſay yar great grandfather's great grandfather could not remember the digging on't; but what a nation many folk muſt have worked at it then——

SECOND COUNTRYMAN.

Eh, ye fool yow! Why all the folk in England, no, nor in Newmarket neither,

ther, could not have dug this; why, dan't you never hare who did it?

FIRST COUNTRYMAN.

No, that I dan't.

SECOND COUNTRYMAN.

Why the Devil———

FIRST COUNTRYMAN.

The Devil! Why you don't ſay ſo!

SECOND COUNTRYMAN.

To be ſewer but a ded thow; and that's the reaſon why the place is always call'd the *Devil's Ditch*.

[*Vaniſh Countrymen.*

By their dialect, Sir, theſe ſhould be Suffolk countrymen; but be they what countrymen they will, they know as much

of the matter, as any long-bearded Antiquarian of them all.

I have hitherto entertained you with fiction; with the dreams of antiquarians, and the superstition of clowns; I shall now give you the rational amusement, and solid satisfaction of truth. Lo! Thrice, and thrice, I wave this wand, and call up the venerable spirit of a sage, who lived eleven hundred years ago——
——See! There he rises——he moves this way.

Enter the Spirit of
JACOBUS ARIDELIUS VEYIENSIS.

This, reader, is the great historian, to whom we were so much obliged at the entrance of this work; his appearance, methinks, commands respect, as his solemn look bespeaks depth of thought,

thought, and close attention. He reminds me of the words of Terence,

—Senex modo venit: Ellum! confidens, catus,
Quum faciem videas videtur esse quantivis pretii;
Tristis severitas inest in voltu———

And, I am sure, when you have heard what he has to say, you will readily add

——atque in verbis fides.

I will address him: "Venerable shade, "excuse the liberty I take; but as an "author, whose reputation is at stake "from his regard to you, I beg you to "satisfy us what time you lived; and to "give us some, however short, account "of your respectable works."

SPIRIT.

E'er I begin, Sir, permit me to express my strict and sacred regard to truth; she

is the grand object of all my writings, and her I keep ever in my view. Let other authors dress up their works with vain and improbable fictions; let them sacrifice to I know not what imaginary deities, the graces and the muses, I bow myself before the altar of truth; I profess myself, in the solemnest manner, her prostrate votary, and only her's——But you would know of my life and writings;—I was born in Kent, and it was my fortune to live in a very remarkable period of the world; when Mahometanism began in the East, Popish superstition spread in the West, and Christianity was beginning to take root in Britain. I was an eye-witness of many revolutions, in consequence of these great events; the history of which I most faithfully wrote, and called it the *History of my own Times*. In honour of this work, more has been said and written, than my modesty

modeſty will permit me to mention. One poem, yet in manuſcript, written in the meaſure of Catullus, and in the moſt delicate ſtrain of irony, gave me more pleaſure than the reſt. The late Dr. Moſs applied it to an epiſcopal hiſtorian, who wrote a book under the ſame title as mine, but the lines were deſigned in honour of my work. I could wiſh that little poem were made public.

AUTHOR.

Be ſatisfied, venerable ſhade, I have the manuſcript, you hint at, by me, and I will make it public *.

SPIRIT.

* In compliance with this promiſe, I preſent the reader with the following elegant lines, which were found in the ſtudy of Dr. Moſs, after his death.

Leguntur Hebræo verſo ordine litteræ,
Canerique ſerpunt in contrarium Gradus,
Tenella Virgo, ſi quem amet perdite
(Ea eſt protervitas) fugit tanquam oderit,

Quemque

SPIRIT.

My other work was *the Britiſh Annals*, which I deduced from the times of the Trojan war, to the beginning of my hiſtory.

AUTHOR.

That is the work, on account of which I deſired this intereſting converſation; but as I once quoted that work, and my authority was ſomewhat doubted, I beg the favour of you, O hoary Sage, to ſatisfy this gentleman, and in him all my readers, of the authenticity of your book. I beg, my dear reader, you would obſerve.———

Quemque odit Aulicus (tanta eſt urbanitas)
Amore abundans quaſi ſtudioſus colit,
Ut Hebræa legi, Cancros ut gradi, vides
Tenella ut odit Virgo, amatque ut Aulicus,
Hac lege Lucianus hiſtoriam ſuam
Suam Burnettus ipſe veram dixerit.

READER.

READER.

I am all attention.

SPIRIT.

Know then, I moſt aſſuredly wrote that book; but I wonder not at any doubts, reſpecting the authenticity, as the work is uncommonly rare, ſince only four have eſcaped the injuries of all-devouring time. One is in the Vatican at Rome; another in the Grand Duke of Tuſcany's library, placed there by the induſtry of the remarkable Magliabechi; a third is in the poſſeſſion of the Viceroy of Mexico; and the fourth is in England, and belongs to the Recorder of *Hadleigh*, a city on the North-ſide of the *Medway*, in the county of *York*, and directly oppoſite to the little villages of *Rochdale*, and *New-Romney*. The gentleman's name is SAYWRIGHT.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

*"That's I, my Lord"——But now, Sire, to the purpose of your present visit——†To what intent was this immense mound thrown up? Who did it? And what is the reason that it is called the Devil's Ditch?

SPIRIT.

Soft! Methinks I scent the morning air,
Brief let me be——

This vast bank was the work of Brutus the Trojan:—It served him as a defence, from the ravages of the wild inhabitants. When they were quelled, and he had leisure to attend to the amusements of peace, he instituted here, upon this spot, games, which I have recorded in my *British Annals*.

* Lucio, in Shakespear's Measure for Measure.

† Quo molem hanc immanis Equi statuere? Quis auctor? Virgil.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

And which I, you may remember, reader, have quoted———(*aside.*)

SPIRIT.

And he cut that hollow, which you see, for the following purpose.—In the race, he directed the course through this gap; upon the top of the bank was a man, laid along, dressed in the figure of the heathen Pluto, horrible to behold; who, when the horses passed through, rose up, and by his sudden appearance, his terrific form, and certain combustible compositions, with which he imitated lightning and thunder, so alarmed the horses, that if they were not exceedingly well managed, they would disdain the bridle, and run away wide from the course, with their trembling riders.

The

The tradition of this cuſtom (which laſted many years) gave birth to various improbable ſtories; but they all ſunk into oblivion; and the name of the place alone remains, to prove the alluſion to the horrid figure I have deſcribed; and, by conſequence, the truth of the account I have given. In my time, it was called as now, the *Devil's Ditch*. Is there ought elſe you would require?

AUTHOR.

I gratefully acknowledge, venerable hiſtorian, the favour you have already done me, and will neither trouble or detain you longer.

SPIRIT.

Farewell. [*Vaniſh Jacobus Aridelius.*

I am ſure I need not point out, to the intelligent reader, the many important diſco-

discoveries we have made, in this interesting conversation; the chief of which, as most conducive to the honour of Newmarket (a point ever nearest to my heart) is the irrefragable proof of the priority in time of the races here, to the Olympic Games, which Jacobus Aridelius has given us; and, as a natural consequence, I think it appears extremely plain, that the hint of Taraxippus, and his terrific altar, was borrowed from the horrible figure scattering fire, and arrayed in the garb of his Plutonic Majesty.

And will the reader excuse my vanity, if I suppose it is no little pleasure to him, to have discovered who the author is, who has endeavour'd to be, at least an agreeable, if not an instructive companion to him; I cannot but fancy I see him (such is his love for me) examining

his

his map of *York*, tracing the courſe of the *Medway*, till he finds *Hadleigh* on its banks, and placing his finger on the very ſpot, where lives

his affectionate friend,

I. SAYWRIGHT.

Give me leave, reader, to point out to you another addition to our ſtock of knowledge, which may be gained from the late viſion. There is nothing hid in greater obſcurity, than the original of many of our Engliſh proverbs; and as no ſentences convey more forcible inſtruction to the mind, it affords great ſatisfaction to the diligent enquirer, to trace them to their fountain-head. *He muſt needs go, whom the Devil drives*—is a ſaying, whoſe ſource is wonderfully diſcovered by our venerable hiſtorian—for does it not appear clearly, that it took riſe from the form, like that of Satan,

ariſing

arising ſuddenly, *driving*, as it were, horſes and riders before him, with the ſuddeneſs and horror of his appearance?

The late witty Earl of Bath, ſeemed to allude to this explanation of the proverb, when he expreſſed himſelf in the following manner—* "When the horſes "are in fight, and come near Choak-"jade, immediately the company all di-"ſperſe, as if the Devil aroſe out of his "ditch, and drove them, &c."

But whether the ſaid Earl had ever ſeen the writings of Jacobus Aridelius, I do not take upon me to ſay.

* See World, No. 17.

CHAP. XXXIII.

OF ABSTINENCE.

Qui ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque Puer, ſudavit et alſit.
Horace.

STOP:—Stop, old gentleman;—I deſire to ſpeak a word with you, Pray, which is the way to ——" I beg, " Sir, you would excuſe me; I am a " Newmarket Jockey; am to ride, in a " few days, a match, upon which there " is a great deal depending, and am " now preparing."

Nay, friend, you now raiſe my curioſity—if a crown will purchaſe a few minutes converſation with you, there it is.

Ah,

" Ah, God bleſs your honour! (*taking* " *the money*) What would your honour " pleaſe to ſay to me?"

Why, honeſt man, I called you old gentleman juſt now, I have firſt to beg your pardon for that; but I was deceived, at ſeeing you ſo wrapt up; now I come nearer to you, I ſee you are a young man—Pray explain. " Why " your honour muſt know, that we " Jockeys, in order to bring ourſelves " down to the weight required for the " horſes we are to ride, ſweat under a " load of flannel, wrapt about us be- " neath coats and great coats, and walk " two or three miles, in the heat of " Summer, till we are ready to faint " under our burden."

Indeed! Why you go through a great deal.

" Ah! Sir, a great deal indeed—why " we ſometimes lie hours and hours, " between two feather-beds, to melt " away our extraordinary weight."

Well, but you are not ſerious; you don't undergo all this voluntarily?

" I don't know what your honour " means by *voluntarily*, but we muſt un- " dergo it for a livelihood, and our ma- " ſters expect it of us."

Well, young man, your maſters are men of virtue, and deſire no more of you, than they would readily endure themſelves, I dare ſay; but will you give me leave to examine your preſent dreſs?——Hum:—Two flannel waiſt-coats, a thick cloth coat, and a Bath ſurtout!—'Tis a vaſt weight to carry this warm weather—but farewell, my lad

lad; you have but two miles further to walk to Newmarket; I only wish you don't faint before you get there.

"Never fear, Sir; I don't doubt but "I shall do very well."

Can this young man, reader, have deceived us, and *said the thing which is not?* —He seemed honest, and his tale appeared artless, however improbable it might sound.——Had we lived in the days of Popery, one would have been apt to imagine, that these sudorific perambulations, were inflicted as penance for his sins, or (as commutation of penance was allowed) for the sins of his master.—These moving hot baths, must certainly be severe punishments indeed.—But I must beg of my reader now, not to suppose, that I would allude to any sins, that might require a sweating penance, in a

double ſenſe, for the health of the body, as well as the ſoul, either of the young man, or his maſter. Indeed a ſuppoſition, of this kind, would be abſurd; for though the penance for the ſoul might be commuted, that for the body cannot; and, alas! *if need ſo require*, the luckleſs maſter muſt ſweat for himſelf.

But don't you admire the virtue of theſe young men?—They waſte their bodies by violent exerciſe, by faſting, by drinking vinegar, by every method, in ſhort, that can be thought of; and all to gain the race for their maſter; for their maſters, the weighty purſe of pure gold; for themſelves, the moderate pittance of a ſervant's pay.

Mark how the honour of the Olympic candidate riſes light in the ballance, when

when weighed with the behaviour of the Newmarket Jockey.—While the Greek prepares himſelf for the games, in order to reap the advantage, and the honour to himſelf, the Engliſhman, diſregarding himſelf, prepares for the courſe, that his maſter may procure the honour and the advantage;—and this nobleneſs of ſoul, in preparing and contending for the emolument of another, is found amongſt the loweſt of the people here, while the Grecian, who was always of rank, and ſometimes of the higheſt, ſordidly prepared, and contended ſolely for the emolument of himſelf.

But this is the virtue of the pure ſoil of Newmarket:—It ſeems to be the natural product of the ground; where not only this great ſpirit of diſintereſtedneſs, but every other excellence ſprings

up ſpontaneous and abundant. From the higheſt to the loweſt, the rich ſtreams of virtue here flow far and wide, and at once adorn and fructify the land.

CHAP. XXXIV.

A RACE.

Quantum mutatus ab illo—— Virgil.

IS this, is this he?—What! the ſame man who ſo lately appeared like an old fellow, wrapt up in coats and great coats!—It certainly is the ſame; but what a different figure makes he now! As then, he appeared all clothes, he has now on (I had almoſt ſaid) no clothes at all;—but don't let virgin modeſty be alarmed;—he is dreſſed;—we are not ſo abſurd, as to adopt the Olympic faſhion, of contending in public in *a birth-day ſuit*.

What a thin ſlim figure it is!—*very much of the grey-hound make*—and attired

as fast, and as close as a Spaniard;—let us observe him, for a few minutes, and make him the hero of the present chapter.

Oh, for a muse of fire, that might attain
The brightest beauties of description;
Then should the noble Jockey, like himself,
All light, all dress'd, and ready for the race
Vault from the earth, like feather'd Mercury,
And 'witch the world with noble horse-
manship.

Aid me, therefore, thou Mæonian muse! who oft, in lofty and sonorous strains, has minutely dressed thy heroes, (and as minutely undressed thy heroines) when preparing for the battle.—Aid me to paint this my hero, dressed for the course, and drawing every eye upon him!

First,

First, on his head, obſerve the jett-black gloſſy velvet cap, and on the top

(Καλον τε λοφος καθυπερθεν ενευε)

The ſilken taſſel, floating in the wind.

Beneath, and juſt beneath the cap, curls ſhort and criſp, a row of auburn hair, the pride and glory of his head.

Mark his well-turned perſon, cloſely fitted with the blue ſattin jacket, though light and firm, yet pliable and ſoft, juſt reaching to the waiſtband of his breeches, and in colour, expreſſing the unſtained integrity of his own, and his maſter's heart.

Turn your eyes next upon his buck-ſkin breeches, elegant and neat, exceed-ed only, in neatneſs, by his jemmy turn'd-down boots, and in whiteneſs, by the ſtockings which appear above them.

Oh,

Oh, let me not paſs over the fair white ribbon, ornament of his arm; that was put on by the hand of Venus, in the ſhape of SUKEY TYEWELL; who, while her delicate fingers faſtened on the emblematic knot, ſaid, "Go, my "lad, and proſper; win the race to-day, "and be thou maſter, of my hitherto "unſettled heart, for ever."

But ſee, he takes into his right hand, the flexible whip, the Jockey's royal ſceptre. This whip, which he values at an ineſtimable price, has deſcended from father to ſon, for ſeveral generations, and was the gift of King Charles the ſecond, of horſe-race-loving memory, to Bob Rider, the founder of this Jockey family, to whom the monarch preſented it upon the courſe, after he came in firſt in a race, which he had won, as much by his judicious management, as by the fleet-

fleetneſs of his horſe. It had a golden butt, with a guinea, bearing the ſtamp of the royal donor, fixed into the head of it, and it was made neat and taper, and of the beſt and moſt durable whalebone. A gift like this was precious, and to be preſerved with the utmoſt care, never to be uſed but upon great occaſions. Bob Rider, upon his death bed, gave it, with his own hands, (for he kept it always at his ſide, during his ſickneſs) to his adopted ſon, SAM SWIFT, and ſaid, as he reached out his feeble hand, "take it, Sam, for you de-"ſerve it beſt."—Sam left it to his ſon Nimble Thomas, Thomas gave it to little Harry, Harry bequeathed it to light George, George to thin William, William to John, John to Marſhall, Marſhall to Matchem, and Matchem, after having exerciſed it long, with care and credit, bequeathed it to this Alexander, the preſent

ſent hero of the day; who ſways it, as you ſee yonder, with equal beauty and dexterity.

"Now then, he is thus equipped for "the courſe, and eager to mount, with "one foot in the ſtirrup——Where, "pray, is his antagoniſt?"

If we look behind us, Sir, we ſhall ſoon ſee him——There he is;—look elſe; he will be here, I dare ſay, in leſs than ten minutes.—

"There he is! Why, I ſee nothing "but an old fellow, totally bald, except "a ſingle forelock, wrinkled, and ſeem-"ingly decrepit and feeble; who looks "by no means, fit to contend with ſuch "an active youth as this is; beſides "how"——

This

This race, Sir, is a very particular one, it was thus announced to us in the public papers.

NEWMARKET, *July* 9th.

"On Tuesday, the fourteenth of this "month, Alexander Swift, will ride "Lord PUFFABIT'S horse Sly, a race "*against Time*, for a thousand guineas; "to start at four o'clock."

The old gentleman, whom you see coming, accepted the challenge; but as he despises money, Mr. ARROWSHAFT takes the bet, and lays upon his head. You see what numbers of people curiosity has drawn together; and, as the instant of starting *rides upon a dial's point*, I dare say there will be great sport.

Look, old Time comes on very near; but as he moves so exceeding slowly (the

(the flower perhaps for our impatience) I begin not to know what to think of it, and am rather inclined to offer my bet on Alexander's fide.

The clock ftrikes four;—Alexander mounts, and old Time fets his foot upon the mark, at the very inftant:—Now! Now! they are off.

Merciful! With what aftonifhing fwiftnefs they feem to run—but oh! the fly old man! What an immenfe pair of wings does he fpread yonder, and how rapidly do they fpeed his courfe! Away, away, Alexander, put forth all thy horfe's fpeed, and manage him with art.——

But is this the feeming decrepit old man, who appeared, bending beneath the weight of years? How juftly does

he

he now (and indeed always) anſwer that inimitably-grand deſcription, by Young in his *Night-thoughts.*

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And ſeems to creep decrepit with his age;
Behold him when paſt by:—What then is ſeen,
But his broad pinions, ſwifter than the winds;
And all mankind, in contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt, cry out on his career?

But obſerve the flying racers; they puſh with unabating ardor; Alexander, riſing high in his ſtirrups, ſeems as if he trod air; and Time, ſpeeding on with a rapidly even pace, ſkims along with that ſwift and ſmooth motion, in which Homer deſcribes the progreſs of the Gods. They ſtill keep ſide by ſide, nor is

it eaſy to determine yet, which has the advantage.

But Oh! Dire misfortune!—See Alexander's ſtirrup is broke;—he now muſt inevitably loſe the race, both for a deficiency in weight, and from the difficulty of his ſituation, ſupported only by a ſingle ſtirrup:—Yet, oh!———

And hark! What means that ſhout!—See, ſee, my hero has caught the falling ſtirrup, and, holding it in his teeth, ſeems ſtill determined to diſpute the prize, which this miſchance had nearly robbed him of.

Now then, the conteſt grows animating; they ſtrive, they puſh, they exert themſelves, and ſtrain every eager muſcle for the victory. They ſeem to fly:

The

The Turf ſcarcely feels the weight, and the graſs appears not to bend beneath their feet———

He gains, he gains ground; Alexander, gathering, as it were, freſh vigour from his late hazardous miſchance, redoubles ſtrenuouſly his efforts, and viſibly gains ground:—The hero comes on; he out-ſtrips the wind, and his antagoniſt:—He is arrived at the goal:—He has it, he has it;—and Time is left behind, at the diſtance of full four minutes.

Well haſt thou done, my Alexander; from henceforth be thou ſtiled *the Great*. A noble addition to thy name, to which thou at entitled, with as much propriety as *Macedonia's Madman*, for thine intrepid alacrity in the execution of thy maſter's grand and daring ſchemes.

CHAP. XXXV.

A FALL.

The dreadful maſquerader, thus equipt,
Out ſallies on adventures :—Aſk you where?
Where is he not? Young.

NOR is Time the only ſhadowy unſubſtantial being, who interpoſes in our pleaſures on the courſe:—There is another, an unwelcome gueſt; who not only interpoſes, but too frequently interrupts.

See yonder the expert and airy Jockeys, in full career, ſpeeding their winged courſers over the unyielding Turf; all is life and ſpirit, and alert vivacity. Now they are in mid courſe; every expecting eye is fixed, is rivetted upon them,

them, with the moſt attentive eagerneſs; —when, lo! on a ſudden, upſtarts the dire intruder, in the ſhape of an uneven clod, or a craggy flint, and throws down Portius, and his hapleſs rider.—Inſtantly the quivering legs, and diſtorted countenance of the unfortunate man, beſpeak his diſmal fate. Some of the company (—moſt of them are too much engaged with their bets, to attend to ſuch common and trifling accidents—) run, and raiſe the wretched victim——

——Then ſtart, and cry out death!
All tremble at the hideous name, and ſigh
O'er all the plains, and back reſound, what! death!

See where the poor wretch is carried off, a breathleſs carcaſe, and the company turn again, with a frigid unconcern, to their amuſements;—Have theſe men any hearts, I wonder?——But huſh—

It is an exceeding difficult thing, to keep down one's boiling ſpleen——but huſh again——

"Is my horſe hurt? Enquires Mr. "FLINT?"—No, Sir—"That's well; "poor creature had a narrow eſcape "indeed.—So, my Lord, (turning to Lord SIMPERLY, who ſits careleſsly reclining his bridle on his horſe's neck; and is juſt now regaling his noſe with a pinch of ſnuff—) "we are finely taken "in by this confounded accident."

"Finely indeed!" Returns his Lordſhip."

On another part of the courſe, as Lord LACKPHELIN is examining the ſcene, at a diſtance, through an opera-glaſs, report, whom all the world knows to be a liar, in the ſhape of a ready valet, on a fleet

fleet courſer, panting for breath, accoſts his Lordſhip with—" Oh, my Lord—I " am come—" my Lord—I am come"—

" Well—I ſee you are;—but what ails " the gaſping ſhort-breathed puppy? " Speak out."

" Oh, my Lord! Poor JACK ROACH " is thrown, and killed upon the ſpot, " and beſides"——

Mark his Lordſhip's agitated looks—if he had read Shakeſpear, he would have addreſſed the meſſenger thus:

———*How doth my little mare?*
Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs of thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue, to tell thy errand;
E'en ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
Drew Priam's curtains, in the dead of night,

And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire, e'er he his tongue,
And I my poor mare's death, e'er thou report'ſt it,

But as he had not read Shakeſpear, he cannot do it; what he can do, that he does; and thus his Lordſhip does it——

"Beſides!—Beſides what?—My dear "little mare, I hope—dog, ſcoundrel, "raſcal, ſay that my dear little mare is "hurt, and I'll beat your brains out.

"—Nay, my Lord, then your Lord- "ſhip ſhuts my mouth effectually.—

"Come, come, Sam,—I am paſſion- "ate; but tell me what is the matter?"

"Your Lordſhip's beautiful mare "then, is ſhoulder-ſlipped with this fall."

"Shoul-

"Shoulder-ſlipt! Oh, my poor Silver-
"legs! What a misfortune:—I miſtruſt-
"ed the ſkill of that fool Jack Roach—
"a better than he may be had any day;
"but the fellow of my little mare is
"never to be found:—The loſs (for
"now ſhe is good for nothing) gives me
"inexpreſſible concern."——

The poor gentleman, my good reader, is in great diſtreſs, and truly it muſt be confeſſed the blow is heavy upon him; one would wiſh, however, that he bore it better; his affliction is like that of the mourner, in the following epigram, but he does not ſupport it with quite ſo philoſophical a temper.

I loſt my miſtreſs, horſe, and wife,
But when I think on human life,
I'm glad it is no worſe;
My miſtreſs was grown lean and old,
My wife was ugly, and a ſcold,
—I'm ſorry for my horſe. But

But come, it is no laughing matter, and my Lord LACKPHELIN is much to be pitied; though he will ſoon know the real truth, that the misfortune fell upon another's head, and then all will be well.

And will not the reader admire the humanity and good nature of our Newmarket friends, who never inſert accounts of falls, misfortunes, and deaths, which happen upon the courſe, in the public news-papers, though they engroſs pages of theſe channels of intelligence, with liſts of horſes, owners, weights, courſes, and ſtakes? Liſts which are framed with the moſt critical exactneſs, as it is wiſely conſidered, that theſe matters are of great weight, and infinite conſequence to the public; yet ſo good-

natured

natured are the ſons of the Turf, they never give the ſaid public the pain of hearing, that ſuch a day one rider was thrown, and broke his leg, or another his neck; what tho', very lately, one fellow was taken up ſenſeleſs, and recovered, only to become an idiot?—What though another was killed upon the ſpot?—What though a rider, whoſe natural weight was about eight ſtone, waſted down to ſix, and won his match, but died in a few hours after, through the fatigue he underwent, and the weakneſs to which he had reduced himſelf?——We never tell ſuch trifling matters; they don't happen above one or two ſuch at a meeting; and why ſhould the public be troubled with ſuch ſtories? We are too humanely compaſſionate to the feelings of others, to put them to pain; but judge it (wiſely judge it) of fifty times more conſe-

quence,

quence, three times more ſatisfaction, and a thouſand times more entertainment, to be told, that—" Mr. Ogilby's " Valentine, eight ſtone five pounds, " beat Mr. Blake's Phlegon, nine ſtone " five pounds, Beacon courſe, for five " hundred guineas; Lord Groſvenor's " Whirligig, beat Lord Craven's War- " wickſhire Wag"——with the reſt of that wiſe, weighty, deep, and important intelligence, which may be found in all the news-papers, bearing date October 22, 1770, and which takes up half a page, or more.——

I once knew a whimſical old fellow, who was very fond of a news paper, that uſed to dread the return of the Newmarket ſeaſons, as they took up ſo much of his favourite reading—" Only " ſee," (would he ſay to me, pointing, with

with his finger to the Newmarket liſt) "here is a monſtrous quantity of *blank* "paper, that theſe rogues of news wri- "ters give us!"

What a taſte!

CHAP. XXXVI.

AN EPISTLE.

Equidem omni cura morem ſervabo ſenis
Sed ſi libuerit aliquid interponere
Dictorum, ſenſus ut delectet varietas
Bonas in partes, Lector, accipies Velim.

Phædrus.

AS I was careleſsly ambling over the courſe, at an April meeting, not many years ſince, I obſerved a knot of young gentlemen got together, at ſome diſtance from the company, leaning over their horſe's ſhoulders, and laughing, moſt immoderately, at a paper, which one of them was reading. When he had done, he appealed, with an oath, to his company, and aſked, *Whether they ever ſaw a higher thing?* What anſwer might

might have been given, I cannot ſay; for at that inſtant, the ſound, that the horſes were ſtarted, reached their ears, and they immediately diſperſed. The gentleman, who had the paper in his hand, directly rumpled it, in a hurry, and haſtily putting it up, clapped ſpurs to his horſe, and was ſoon loſt among the croud. He thought, indeed, he had put it in his pocket; (if he thought at all) but, from his eagerneſs to be gone, it ſlipped aſide, and dropt upon the ground. I, who had watched his motions, diſmounted, and picked it up; and trotting my old mare leiſurely home, ſoon examined the contents; and if it pleaſes my reader, as much as it did ſome grave friends, to whom I have ſince ſhown it, (—I don't ſay I was pleaſed with it myſelf;—"mind "that," as old Antony Harlowe ſays—) I ſhall not think much of my trouble, in diſmounting for it. Here it is.

To

To CHARLES ISTOBEE, Esq;

At NEWMARKET.

" DEAR SIR,

" IF you have forgot the hand writing, " look at the bottom of my letter, " and see the name of him, who, " through the course of five years, en- " deavoured to train your rising man- " hood, and to direct it into the paths " of honour, learning, and virtue. The " office of a tutor, has long since " ceased with me; but the affection and re- " gard for you, which I contracted, during " the time in which I exercised that of- " fice, will never cease:—It is that af- " fection and regard, which induce me " to write to you; and I take the op- " portunity of doing it, while you are " at Newmarket—that hateful spot, to " your fondness, for which I attribute

" the

" the approaching ruin, which I fear is
" not far diſtant from you.

" Forgive me, if I am a little earneſt,
" and have patience, if I am drawn into
" length. I will endeavour not to be
" tedious, or too preſſing; but if I am
" either, lay it to the charge of my re-
" ſpect and love for you, and then you
" will eaſily pardon it.

" Your noble father, not long ſince,
" lamented to me the ill-fated courſe
" you were entered upon; and ſeemed
" to forebode the extremity of diſtreſs,
" which you are drawing down upon
" yourſelf.

" I knew not then, that any thing,
" more than uſual, had affected him,
" upon your account; but have ſince
" been informed, that he has been

" wound-

" wounded by a tawdry ſharper, deſir-
" ing payment for a thouſand pound
" note of hand from you, which the
" wretch inſolently called a *debt of ho-*
" *nour*; and, at the ſame time, hinted
" obliquely his doubts of your readineſs
" to pay it.—What anſwer his Lord-
" ſhip gave the ſcoundrel, I know not;
" You, I ſuppoſe, may have heard from
" his own hand.—But, oh, Sir, what a
" ſcene was this for a father, whoſe
" prudence ever kept him from ſuch
" meanneſſes, and whoſe generous oeco-
" nomy always enabl d him to do wor-
" thy actions, and ſecured him from the
" baſe diſtreſs of ſubmitting to mean
" ones?

" You are running on in a deſperate
" courſe, with a precipitate impetuoſity;
" permit me to reach out a friendly
" hand,

" and try if it is yet in my power to ſtop,
" and to preſerve you.

" Is there a vice or folly that you
" have not run into?—Yes, there is
" one, which I hear, with pleaſure, you
" are not guilty of. I am informed,
" that you wiſely ſhun the ſnares of the
" wanton proſtitute, and are not yet ſo
" faſhionable, as to ſeduce the unguard-
" ed innocence of a female heart to
" ſhame and ruin:—It is this informa-
" tion which gives me hopes, and en-
" courages me to believe, that you are
" not, that you will not, be totally loſt
" to a ſenſe of virtue and religion.

" —Would I could go on in the
" pleaſing taſk of commendation! but,
" alas! here I have it not in my power
" —your errors (let me call them by
" the ſofteſt name—) prevent me; they

" rise before me; they fill my heart
" with concern, and dim my aged eyes
" with tears of unaffected sorrow.

" What! Sir;—and were you nearly
" engaged in a duel, but prevented by
" the interposition of friends? So have
" I heard, and fear my intelligence is
" too true;—I know not the cause, nor
" do I desire to know it;—I know not
" whether you gave, or received the
" challenge, nor do I desire to know it;
" this only I know, that no cause what-
" ever can justify your deliberately en-
" gaging in a cool scene of murder.
" But you will, I dare say, plead your
" *honour*—what a perversion and prosti-
" tution of words! *Honour* is produced
" as engaging its votaries in a duel,
" whereas *cowardice* is the true and only
" motive:—Charles, dear Charles (—I
" must address you in the familiar lan-
" guage

" guage of affection—) take care how you
" ſtamp COWARD, in indelible capitals
" upon your forehead, by ever entering
" into a deſpicable engagement of this
" kind:—You have now once eſcaped;
" for the ſake of your *honour* avoid duel-
" ling (the certain mark of a coward)
" with the ſpirit of a gentleman, and a
" Chriſtian.

" Conſidering the company you keep,
" it is ſcarcely poſſible to eſcape being
" infected with the low vice of ſwear-
" ing; it begins to taint your converſa-
" tion—Yet, as it is but a beginning
" habit with you, it may, I hope, ſoon
" be cured; and let me try a gentle me-
" thod for the purpoſe—What is it,
" think you?—I will take upon me the
" part of Neſtor—old men you know
" are naturally talkative—and tell you

" a very pleaſing tale; but it ſhall be
" ſhort; for though I may not be ſo
" wiſe as that venerable old King in his
" narrations, I do aſſure you, I will not
" be ſo prolix.

" A worthy Clergyman was once in
" company with a ſet of gentlemen of
" good underſtanding, but who were
" apt to take great liberties in converſa-
" tion. One of the company in parti-
" cular, made very free with repeated
" oaths, calling upon God to witneſs
" the moſt inſignificant aſſertions. The
" good divine, though greatly offended,
" heard it in ſilence; but took occaſion,
" every time the other mentioned the
" name of God, to bow his head with
" great devotion. This, at laſt drew
" the attention of the gentleman, who
" gave the offence——

" Sir,

" Sir, says he, I observe you fre-
" quently bowing; may I ask the mean-
" ing of it?"

" Yes, Sir, said the Clergyman, it is
" this:—I have long used myself, never
" to hear the sacred name of God menti-
" oned, without paying this awful re-
" spect to it, which you, Sir, have given
" me such frequent opportunities of
" practising."

" The gentleman was so struck with
" the noble and delicate hint, that he
" immediately acknowledged he felt it
" convincingly, and promised to keep a
" stricter guard upon his tongue.

" Your good sense, my dear Sir, will
" enable you to apply this little anec-
" dote, with which I dismiss the subject.

" But I forbear entering, thus mi-
" nutely, into further particulars, leſt I
" ſhould tire you; I ſhall therefore ceaſe
" lopping off ſingle branches, and ſtrike
" directly at the root, from whence I
" think all your miſconduct ſprings.
" NEWMARKET then is your bane;
" that deteſted ſcene of every folly and
" vice, that can leſſen or corrupt the
" man. Fly therefore, as from a peſti-
" lence, from the infected ſpot; diſpoſe
" of your ſtud; diſmiſs your Grooms
" and Jockeys; abjure racing and
" gaming, and my life for your's, all
" your errors will fade away, and ſoon
" die for want of that nouriſhment
" with which Newmarket richly ſup-
" plies them.

" I own, I ever dreaded the conduct
" of your manhood, from what I ob-
" ſerved in your youth. I ſaw in you
" (and

" (and ſaw it with pain) when yet a
" boy, an immoderate paſſion for horſes;
" it is a fatal ſymptom in that age, and
" promiſes in riper years, what too
" often happens (and what in you has
" happened) extravagance, gaming, ir-
" regularity, and (to compriſe all in one
" word) NEWMARKET.

" From this horſe-love, (excuſe the
" rough word, I cannot, at preſent, think
" of one more expreſſive) too much
" cheriſhed in you by your indulgent
" parents, grew all your miſconduct;
" yet I hoped, that your natural good
" ſenſe, of which you had a large ſhare,
" would perhaps prevent the ill conveni-
" ences of this folly, or at leaſt get the
" better of them.

" Oh, Sir, when I ſee all my fond
" hopes, and thoſe of your honourable

" family, blasted by your fatal fond-
" ness for the Turf, I know not how
" to—— my rising passion choaks me.

" If I were absolute monarch in En-
" gland, I think I should, as the Ro-
" mans did by a conquered town, drive
" a plough over the accursed Turf, and
" abolish the races at once:—Yet, in
" that case, what would the present
" *Walsinghams* and *Cecils* do to pass
" away their time? The care of a great
" Nation's welfare is not sufficient to
" fill up their time; they must have
" these races to employ their vacant
" hours.—Well—I recollect myself;—
" they should have them;—the babies
" should have their rattle, but it should
" only be upon conditions.——

" I would make a law, as unalterable
" as that of the Medes and Persians,
" that

" that every perſon, who loſt above the
" ſum of one hundred pounds—a mon-
" ſtrous ſum! which yet, out of my
" royal indulgence, I would permit the
" *grown children* to throw away—ſhould
" never be allowed to mount a horſe
" again, but be condemned to perform
" all his journeys upon an OX, which
" I would take care to have trained for
" the purpoſe, and my royal treaſury
" ſhould ſupply the gentleman with his
" ox-furniture.

" And whoever loſt the ſame ſum at
" gaming, ſhould never be allowed to
" touch a card, or dice again;—but I
" would oblige him to read Hoyle
" through, aloud, once in a month, for
" two years together; and they who
" won the money, ſhould be condemn-
" ed to ſit and hear him.

" But

" But whither has my earneſtneſs
" hurried me?—Forgive me, dear Sir,
" if into any ſeeming diſreſpect, for be-
" lieve me, it is but ſeeming; be aſſured,
" that my heart glows with the warm-
" eſt regard for you, and it is that
" which occaſions theſe earneſt expreſ-
" preſſions of diſguſt and hatred, to
" what I judge the ſcene of your ruin:—
" But let me conjure you to fly from
" it for ever:—Be this the laſt time
" you are ever ſeen at Newmarket;—
" and this will promote your own hap-
" pineſs, and make all your friends
" happy; but none more ſo,

" than your moſt affectionate friend

" and obedient Servant,

" EDWARD MENTOR."

Is the reader aſleep? If not, he is an admirable reſiſter of ſoporifics.—When, how-

however, he has yawned and ſtretched ſufficiently, I ſhall only beg leave to adopt the words of the young gentleman, to whom the above curious epiſtle was addreſſed, and aſk him, "if he ever "ſaw a higher thing?"

He has not yet perhaps, but if he reads the next chapter, I don't know but he may.

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE CONTRAST.

With friendly hand I hold the glaſs,
To all promiſcuous as they paſs;
Should folly there her likeneſs view,
I fret not that the mirror's true;
If the fantaſtic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.

Moor.

"FLY, therefore, as from a peſti-
"lence, from the infected ſpot;
"diſpoſe of your ſtud; diſmiſs your
"Grooms and Jockeys; abjure racing
"and gaming."——

—Tol; ti, di, dum, ti, tidi tididum—
—Was ever Sir Harry Wildair himſelf

more

more ſeverely lectured, by the fair Angelina, and her rigid mother the Lady Darling, than CHARLES ISTOBEE Eſq; by his bearded tutor? How often have I wiſhed, my dear reader, to ſee what anſwer our ſpirited hero gave to this long ſermon; if he ever did write, I am ſure his letter muſt have been curious; as a fellow of ſpirit, like him, who, it ſeems, gamed, ſwore, fought (I mean would have fought) and was indeed quite faſhionable, muſt certainly have anſwered his philoſophical tutor, in a complete and an effectual manner.

But though I cannot preſent my readers with this wiſh'd-for letter, I can with one to a friend of his in town, written (as appears by ſome paſſages in it) ſoon after the receipt of old MENTOR's epiſtle:—As it is a curious literary acquiſi-

quiſition, I ſhall inform the reader by what means it fell into my hands.

Buſineſs calling me to town for a few days, I happened to have a ſlight cold, and therefore choſe to ſpend my evening at my lodgings.

To while away an hour or two, I ſent to the Poſt-houſe, and purchaſed a pacquet of *dead letters* :—I had ran over four or five, and was beginning to yawn over the papers, when, at the bottom of one, the name of CHARLES ISTOBEE caught my eye. In an inſtant every faculty was ſuſpended, and every ſenſe abſorbed in that of ſight. I devoured the manuſcript—need I ſay with pleaſure?—For can I, or any man of ſpirit, heſitate to declare his approbation of ſentiments, conveyed with ſo much —— let the reader judge.

To

To JOHN FLYFLAP, Esq;

At ****** Covent-Garden,

LONDON.

"FLY, letter, and find out my friend "if you can.

"Thou art such an uncertain mortal, "Jack, that I am half unwilling to "write, least my epistle never should "reach your hands:—Didst ever stay a "month in the same lodgings, I won-"der?—A bird of passage is a fixed "and settled creature, when compared "with thee, who art as erratick, and as "volatile as a stag.—

"——But I shall try and shoot thee "flying, if haply I may chance to suc-"ceed——

"I re-

" I received your laſt at this center of " my pleaſures, Newmarket, and thank " you for the friendly offers it contains; " but though I have had a vile run of " luck lately, yet I dare ſay, things will " mend——This, however, is a ſubject, " which albeit I enjoy in practice, I hate " and deteſt in theory;—ſo I run away " from it.

" Thou art nevertheleſs an honeſt, " and a friendly fellow, Jack, and I have " a moſt faithful regard for thee:—Thy " letters ſhew, that our affection is as na- " tural, as it is firm;—and how indeed " ſhould it be otherwiſe than firm and " natural, when fixed upon ſo noble a " foundation, as the love of the Turf? " —Your philoſophers may talk what " they will of the origin of friendſhip, " and I know not what *ſimilitude of man-* " *ners*,—I inſiſt upon it, that a horſe is

" the

" the great promoter of friendſhip, and
" a race the grand cement of union.

The friendſhips of the world, are oftimes either
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleaſure;
Our's has Newmarket, for its ſtable baſis,
And ſuch a friendſhip ends not but with life.

" Yet, I think, I can never forgive
" that deteſtable girl, who alienated, in
" ſome degree, your affections from that
" noble object of them, the Turf; an
" object a thouſand times more worthy,
" than all the girls in Europe;—and
" now I am afraid, Jack, thou will grow
" a mere petticoat dangler:—Well;—
" how a fellow, of thy fire and ſpirit,
" can throw away a thought upon a
" woman, when there is ſuch a thing as
" a horſe-race in England, is to me
" amazing:—Don't expect any excep-
" tions in favour of thy girl;—I make

" none ;—black or brown, tall or ſhort,
" modeſt or immodeſt, I except none ;
" they are all, in my opinion, inſignifi-
" cant alike ; an horſe is to me ſo much
" a ſuperior creature, that give me but a
" racer——— *Eclipſe*, for inſtance—oh,
" that exquiſite *Eclipſe* !——And all the
" girls in England were at perfect li-
" berty for me, to run, with their laſt
" favours, through the third regiment of
" horſe guards.

" Now I am entered upon this ſubject,
" I muſt tell thee, that I have lately re-
" received two ſtinging epiſtles,—one
" from the old Peer my father, ſeverely
" laying before me my extravagance,
" entreating me to reform, and urging
" me to marry ; in which caſe he affecti-
" onately offers to clear me of my pecu-
" nary difficulties, one of which he ob-
" liquely and generouſly glances at ; in-

" deed

" deed ſo obliquely, that I ſhould not " have diſcovered it;—but for the other " letter I mentioned.

" And who doſt thou think that came " from? From our old tutor Dr. MEN- " TOR, of Saliſbury; the warm old " man (—I ſuppoſe he was ſet on by " my father—) imagines I am his pupil " ſtill, and lectures me very ſmartly, " I aſſure you;—he ranges all my " vices before me, in moſt methodical " order; but what diverts me moſt is, " that he reckons it a virtue in me, " that I wiſely ſhun the ſnares of the " wanton proſtitute, and am not yet ſo " faſhionable, as to ſeduce the unguard- " ed innocence of a female heart to " ruin"——" Thoſe are his words;—I " thank thee, venerable MENTOR, for " thy good opinion; but knoweſt thou " not, that there is no virtue where

" there is no temptation; and that I be-
" hold every woman in England with as
" careleſs an unconcern, as I behold the
" cold and unanimated ſtatue?

" The ſaid MENTOR too enters
" pretty fully upon the duel, I was
" ſo near engaging in with Captain
" FEARABALL.

" And this deponent further ſaith,
" that I game, and ſwear, and I can't tell
" what;——only think, Jack, what a
" horrible fellow is thy friend?

" He tells me plainly too the ſtory
" which my father only glanced at.—
" Could you have thought it?—But
" that ſcoundrel, Tom BRASSY, carried
" my thouſand pound note to the old

" Peer

"Peer for payment;—what a dirty "pitiful dog!

"Well;—I can't help theſe things; "—they will be remedied ſoon how-"ever, one way or other;—I have en-"tered deeply—I ſhall not tell you "now my plans—much depends—but, "however, I repeat, all will be reme-"died *one way or other*.

"This only I know, that I will not re-"medy them my father's way;—I will "not marry, Jack;—I don't chuſe to "wear a clogg——a ſhort life and a "free—that's my motto; my creſt (as "Sir Willful ſays) I have forgot; "*horns* however, I will take care, it "ſhall never be;—No, no, "horns I "defy you."—"I have written a long "letter; perhaps you won't hear from "me

" me again, till I——— but I ſhant tell
" you what.

" Adieu :——I repeat my wiſhes,
" that this may come to the hands of
" your volatilityſhip.

" I am your's moſt faithfully,

" CHARLES ISTOBEE."

The letter, it ſeems, did not come to the hands of his *volatilityſhip* :——If he chances to read this little book, I ſhall be happy to have conveyed it to him.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

HARK!

Hic finis Priami fatorum, hic exitus illum
Sors tulit——— Virgil.

Extract of a letter from Newmarket.

ON Friday laſt, in the evening, CHARLES ISTOBEE, Eſq; ſhot himſelf through the head at his lodgings. ——He had loſt an immenſe ſum of money upon the courſe, and at the hazard table, in the preceeding week, which loſs he ſeemed to bear with great ſpirits, ſo that his ſudden end ſurpriſed his brethren of the Turf.——

They, indeed, behaved much like the friends of Dean Swift, whoſe ſorrow for

his ſuppoſed death, that inimitable writer paints ſo humouroufly, and returned ſoon, with the keeneſt attention, to the buſineſs of the courſe.—It is ſaid, that this young gentleman was heir to eight thouſand pounds a year.

CHAP. XXXIX.

OF BETTS.

Χρησδεις δ' αν εσιδειν, χρησδεις καταδεινα αεθλον;
Χρησδω τετ' εσιδειν, χρησδω καταδεινα αεθλον.
Theocrit. Idyl. 8.—

WE ſeem almoſt to have forgot our old friends, the ancients;—— let us take a retroſpect.

Say, ſhall we have recourſe to our mirror again? No, we will not; the device has been tried, and we will not wear it thread-bare.—

I ſhall, therefore, without figure or allegory, give my reader an audience of Kings and Princes, and honeſt old Homer ſhall be the maſter of the ceremonies to introduce him.

Com-

Company, ſo auguſt and grand, muſt certainly be very improving; and I expect my reader ſhould behave with the decent gravity which becomes an inferior, admitted to the honour of ſo noble a ſociety.

I ſaid ſome chapters ago, that the ancients had no other notion of a bett, than a ſhepherd's crook, or a beechen bowl; —I was miſtaken; they would ſometimes wager a kettle, or a three-legged ſtool.——

Draw up the curtain there.

The ſcene repreſents a chariot-race upon the Trojan ſhore; the Grecian army are the ſpectators; and the princely ſpeakers are IDOMENEUS, AJAX, and ACHILLES.

IDO-

IDOMENEUS, (*raising himself as if to look at a distance.*)

"Friends, leaders of the Greeks and "Princes, do I alone know the horses, "or do you? Other horses seem to me "to be first, and another charioteer;—"get up yourselves and see—for I pro-"test I cannot well distinguish—but to "me, the first man seems to be the vali-"ant Diomede, son of Tydeus, the "horse-jockey."

AJAX.

"Idomeneus, why do you prate so "eternally? You are not only the "youngest among the Greeks, and not "only the blindest, but are besides for "ever prating:—It does not become "you to be quite so full of words;—for "there are others here much your bet-"ters:—Those yonder are the mares of "Eumelus, and he himself drives them."

* Iliad, L. 23, V. 456.

IDO-

IDOMENEUS.

" Ajax, you are the beſt at quarreling " and brawling, and are the meaneſt " fellow among all the Grecians, as you " have an impertinent ſoul :—But come, " *let us bett a three-legged ſtool, or a kettle,* " and Agamemnon here ſhall be judge."

AJAX *riſing in great wrath* (—I ſhould ſuppoſe to box him—) ACHILLES *interpoſes.*

ACHILLES.

" No more of your high words, Ajax, " and Idomeneus,—it is not clever ;— " ſit down, prithee, both of you, and " you will ſoon ſee who is firſt, and " who ſecond. [*Exeunt.*

There, my good reader, is a ſpecimen of ancient royal politeneſs, as it was practiſed in the Court of King Agamemnon,

non, three thouſand years ago :—How do you like it ?

Horace obſerves, with no leſs tenderneſs than juſtice, that—*Homer ſometimes nods* :—I apprehend, that here the old bard fairly ſlept, and the paſſage I have given was one of his dreams :—But let me not be too ſevere upon the venerable father of poetry ; for there are, who will preſent the picture of Zoilus, or Perrault, before my eyes ; If any ſuch ready critic ſhould ariſe, with the hateful image in his hand, let him be told, that no one can more venerate the excellencies of Homer, than myſelf, but that veneration does not render me blind to his faults.

As to the paſſage before us, it is certainly a high ſcene, and appears more like the language of Billingſgate or Wapping,

ping, than a dialogue between heroes of the firſt rank in Greece; yet, to ſoften a little the abſurdity of it, let it be obſerved, that it lies under a great diſadvantage from a literal tranſlation; dreſſed in which garb, indeed, every ancient author cuts but an awkward figure; but there is only one book extant, which cannot be rendred highly ridiculous by a word-for-word verſion; a book, which, though in a literal dreſs it appears not in the native greatneſs of its original language, yet even in this degrading garb, wears the marks of majeſtic ſublimity; a book as old as, nay, older than Homer—but too ſacred to be mentioned in ſo ſlight a work as mine.

But to the point:—As it is allowed, on all hands, that Homer lived before the inſtitution of the Olympic Games, it is rather odd, that when the noble prac-

tice

tice of *betting* was so honourably begun, we don't find instances of its continuance, or that no author mentions the custom as ever appearing upon the Olympic course:—A defect arising certainly from the ignorance, stupidity, and want of taste in the frequenters of those sports, who had absolutely as fine an opportunity of throwing away their *drachmæ*, *minæ*, and *talenta*, as ever the lovers of Newmarket have of squandring their units, tens, hundreds, thousands, and ten thousands of guineas upon the Turf;

To which bleſt plains we ſteer.

Who is that yonder, who sets spurs to his horse, and bending his body eagerly forward, rides away with such rapidity, as if the D——l (starting out of his ditch) drove him?—And see another, with equal speed, posts after him, while the eyes of the numerous spectators are

all

all turned upon the ſcene; ſomething certainly of great conſequence is going forward by the rapidity of the flight, by the eagerneſs of the perſuit, and by the fixt attention of the company:—So; the chace is at an end, and the perſuer has brought the culprit back:—We ſhall now ſoon know the meaning of all this.

It is JOHN PANOBET, Eſq; (—for every ſcoundrel dubbs himſelf Eſq;—) this honeſt gentleman laid a wager with the Duke of RASHLEY, a Nobleman of unſullied honour. Fortune declaring againſt our hero, he truſted more to the fleetneſs of his horſe, than to the fulneſs of his pocket, for the diſcharge of the bett; but he was miſtaken; the ſervant of his Grace was diſpatched after him, and returned to this circle with him,—where now you ſee him expecting his ſentence.

Hark!

Hark! Heareſt thou not the indorſing of the Duke's whip acroſs his ſhoulders, where he writes Jack's infamy in very legible characters? He runs a pretty ſevere gauntlet, I aſſure you; for the virtuous ſoul of every perſon preſent (all are virtuous here) is ſo fired with reſentment, that they are violent and eager to expreſs their abhorrence, of a baſe action, with their whips.

"Stay, Sir, we have not done with "you yet:—You laid me a fair and "open wager, and wanted to eſcape "the payment:—You ſhall eſcape; but "this public chaſtiſment will, we think, "be an indelible mark upon you, to "prevent your ever appearing upon "theſe ſpotleſs plains again; and I will "take care to make your diſgrace ſo "public, that you ſhall be aſhamed to "ſhew your face at any other ſuch

" place of diverſion :—And now, Sir,
" give my ſervant five guineas for
" bringing you back, and then be gone
" for ever, like a mean, paltry, and de-
" teſtable ſcoundrel as you are."

What a ſhout of applauſe follows this very eminent act of juſtice! And ſee, reader, how the mean wretch is ſhun'd, like an infected ſheep, with the mark upon him ;—look yonder, how he ſneaks off ;—he moves much ſlower than he did ten minutes ago ;—then he thought he could eſcape from his perſuers, but now he knows he never can ride away from his infamy, and himſelf.

Oh, plains of NEWMARKET! pure and untainted ſcene of honour and integrity, can I forbear, on this occaſion, to pauſe and admire thy eminent excellence of every kind! When I reflect upon thy

thy conſummate virtue, thy ſtrict and rigid honour, thy ſevere and impartial juſtice, I am totally abſorbed in aſtoniſhment and veneration —How dared a creature, of ſo mean and baſe a ſoul as this, appear amongſt thy pure ſons!—A raven amongſt ſwans!———How muſt he infect thy till-now-untainted air with his breath, and ſully thy pure Turf with his ſteps!—

But with juſt and ſevere diſdain didſt thou caſt him from thee, and diſburthen thyſelf of guilt and meanneſs:—Hail, therefore, ſpot, ſtill ſacred to virtue and auſterely-rigid juſtice! Paltry fraud and beggarly deceit are impurities, that will no more dwell with thee, than fire will unite with water!—Still be thy honour unqueſtioned and white as ſnow;—and, oh, that it had an abler pen, to paint its excellencies, than mine, which now

fails beneath the great, the arduous taſk!——

Softly, ſoftly; let me deſcend, with ſlow and very careful ſteps, from this ladder of the ſublime:—There—we are now again upon plain ground, and let us walk a little about the betting-poſt, and indulge our meditations.

This is a ſpot, where the company aſſemble upon the important buſineſs of forming their betts, cluſtering together like the ſwarming bees, which Homer ſo beautifully deſcribes by the pen of Mr. Pope.

As from ſome rocky cliff, the ſhepherd ſees,
Cluſtring in heaps, on heaps the ſwarming bees,
Duſky they ſpread, a cloſe embody'd croud,
And o'er the vale deſcends the living cloud.

Here

Here honour, in a robe of Ermin, spotless and untainted, always presides, with strict and rigid justice, balancing a *whip* instead of a sword.

I see them, but thou canst not.—

What a busy and active spirit reigns among that thronging croud! What a confused hum of mixed and earnest voices! And yet, though I call it confused, it is what Addison, by a bold and just figure, would call a *regular confusion*; for mark the ready pocket-books and pencils——"Squib against Janus, ten "guineas to eight."—"Done, Sir, "done."—"Camillus against the field, "for a hundred guineas."—"I am "your man, Sir—agreed."—"Five "hundred to four, Gimcrack against "Ranger;—did you take me up, Sir?" "—I did, my Lord;"—"very well." "A hundred pounds to a China orange

" upon Eclipſe ;"———and thus, tho' with the greateſt confuſion, yet with the punctual regularity of a merchant in his counting-houſe, is every bett carefully ſet down, and regiſtered.

My tables—meet it is, I note it down.—

Here is deep attention and care ! Here is a methodical doing of buſineſs ! Who now will ſay, that the ſons of Newmarket are the ſons of pleaſure? Is not here the cloſe attention, and the diligent arithmetical knowledge of a blue-aprond grocer's journeyman ? Accuſe us not, therefore, I beſeech you, four and moroſe cynics, of diſſipation and careleſsneſs; but e'er you bring the charge againſt us, produce the indentured apprentice, who undergoes ſeverer drudgery.

And all this is tranſacted, in the open air, upon a wide and barren plain, where the

the heroes of the Turf remain, patient of cold and rain, enduring the inclement ſky, and ſcarcely feeling the bleak-north wind, that ſweeps along the inhoſpitable plains:—And are theſe, are theſe the *ſilken Lords*—as a rough orator once called them—are theſe the effeminate ſons of Britain (was the late Dr. Brown ever at Newmarket, I wonder?) as your ſatyric wits affect to name them? Fye! how unjuſt!—Let ſuch miſtaken orators and wits come here, and be convinced how falſe, and how unreaſonable is their ſeverity.

Nor does mean and ſquint-eyed ſuſpicion ever enter this ſacred circle;—indeed, how ſhould it?—What room can there be for ſuſpicion, where honour rules ſupreme, and all is fair, open-handed, open-hearted, and undeſigning?

No! here the firſt and nobleſt Peer, makes not a moment's ſcruple to take the bett from the moſt unknown ſtranger, be his garb and his looks ever ſo unpromiſing, ſuch are the happy effects of a thorough ſecurity, in the honour and integrity of every perſon, who contributes to the forming the pure circle, upon this awful ground:—A circle, where nothing mean can enter, any more than a malignant ſpirit can penetrate the circle of a magician.—Awful ground, which repels meanneſs as naturally, as the ſoil of Ireland rejects the ſpider, the ſerpent, or the toad.

And let it not be thought, that becauſe the Turf tranſacts buſineſs with the regularity, that, therefore, it muſt adopt the formal tediouſneſs of trade;—far from it; expedition here animates every

every perſon ; mark how, when the fate of the day is decided, every bett is paid with equal exactneſs and celerity ; thouſands and ten thouſands of guineas fly from one pocket to another, with a wonderful rapidity ; and *ſtock is transferred*, by the ready hand of Honour, in the quickeſt and eaſieſt way imaginable.

One inſtance of expedition I cannot but mention, as it ſhews how careful the lover of the Turf is to enjoy its pleaſures, though at a diſtance ; like the lover in Terence,

Abſens ut Præſens ſiet.

Such as are in London, provide relays of ſwift horſes, all the way to town from the Turf, that they may have the earlieſt account of the event of the race,—merely to ſatisfy their curioſity ——*that's all that's in it*——Certainly, now

now it would be monſtrous in the reader, if he ſhould ſuppoſe, that any body would make a baſe uſe of this knowledge, in betting upon the horſe that *has* won;—and thus take advantage of the ignorance of others, in a point which they muſt remain uncertain about, till the vulgar method, and ſlow return of the poſt, informs them better.

Cyrus the great, inventor of this ſcheme of relays of horſes, (if the reader does not chuſe the trouble of ſearching in *Xenophons Cyropædia*, page 496, for the truth of this aſſertion, he muſt take my word for it—) though he might be pleaſed with the many excellent uſes that have been made of his invention, muſt have been delighted, had he lived in theſe days, with this the beſt and nobleſt uſe of all.

CHAP. XL.

A WISH.

Oh, let my muſe her ſlender reed inſpire,
Till in your native ſhades you tune your lyre;
So when the Nightingale to reſt removes.
The thruſh may chant to the forſaken groves.
Pope.

VOLTAIRE expreſſed himſelf no leſs truly than happily, when, ſpeaking of the King of Pruſſia's victories, he obſerved, that "Cæſar alone ſhould "write his own commentaries."

With equal truth, though not perhaps equal elegance, I cannot but obſerve, that a Newmarket hero alone, ſhould write an eulogy on the Turf——and, oh, that

that one of that *amiable corps* had undertaken———

" What, Sir, and are not you one of " that amiable corps,——as you fantaſti- " cally expreſs it?"———Ah, my dear reader, murder will out at laſt;—Indeed then, I am not; the greater is my misfortune:—Alas! paſſionately as I dote upon the pleaſures of the race, profoundly as I reſpect (—I bow involuntarily as I write—) and highly as I think of the honourable company on the Turf; ſenſible, as I am, of the great wiſdom and knowledge, that may be obtained by a thorough underſtanding of, and intimate acquaintance with, every thing, and every body relative to the courſe—

" Good, Sir, cries my impatient rea- " der, conclude your long-winded ſen-

tence

tence;—we need not be told of your paſſionate fondneſs now."——

Well then, my good friend, all this conſidered, judge you what an hardſhip it muſt be upon me, to be debarred from entering into thoſe pleaſures I ſo dearly love, ſo minutely and intimately as I could wiſh:—'Tis true I can, and do come upon the courſe once in a year—but what is that? A trifle to one, who enjoys the ſport with ſuch exquiſite keenneſs of delight.

Come, my good reader, we have, I know not how, fallen into this account of myſelf; I will indulge your curioſity to the full; and as you know ſomething of me, you may as well be made acquainted with every thing. You have already been informed, by the benign ſpirit, on the ſummit of the Devil's ditch,

ditch, of my name and profeſſion, and the place where I live has been accurately pointed out to you;—know further then, that though my paternal eſtate be five hundred a year, and my buſineſs clear five hundred more, yet, as I have a round family of ten children, a proper regard for them, will not permit me to ſpend much of my time or money, at my favourite ſcene of diverſion; yet ſome of both I appropriate to this dear ſpot; fortune, though ſevere, ſhall not deny me that pittance of pleaſure. No; once in a year I am at Newmarket, where I enter as deeply as is conſiſtent with prudence (in which prudential maxim, what numbers keep me in countenance there!) into every diverſion of the place; and if, reader, at any time, you ſee upon the courſe a very tall man, not quite five feet high, a black man, with a fair complexion, upon a high and deli-

delicate-limbed racer, very like a Welch poney, (—if you mark well the deſcription, you cannot fail knowing the perſon—) and who may be obſerved always to be upon the courſe firſt, and off it laſt; and conſtantly with his eyes fixed upon the running-horſes, eagerly looking another way, and attentively thinking of ſomething elſe; if you ſee a man who anſwers this deſcription, you then ſee your (now) old acquaintance, I. SAYWRIGHT;—but when you have found me out, don't look too attentively in my face, leſt you put me out of countenance.

Seemeth not the laſt page to ſavour much of egotiſm? It doth, I grant; but the deſcription is given to gratify the reader's curioſity, and is beſides perfectly to the purpoſe of the ſubject of this chapter.

Now

Now then, to collect these scattered and diverging rays to a point.

Eagerly desirous though I be of painting, in their true light, the resplendent glories of Newmarket; yet the above description and history of myself and circumstances, will prove that I am qualified for the task, but in an inferior degree; that thousands are more capable (though none more willing) to do justice to the theme; and it will besides account for the passionate wish, in which you, my good reader, interrupted me with your enquiries.

Had that wish been completed, I had retired in modest silence, and gladly given way to the superior abilities, and deeper knowledge of a son (alas! no more must I presume to say a *brother*) of the Turf; but as this has unfortunately never

never been the caſe, rather than the glories of my favourite ſpot ſhould continue longer unknown, I have fondly endeavoured to withdraw the veil, and exhibit them, with veneration and reſpect, to public view.

* When the red-breaſt was aſked, if he thought his weak warblings could vie with the ſprightly notes of the thruſh or the black bird, or with the various melody of the lark or the nightingale?—he anſwered, that his humble efforts, which aroſe from a deſire to pleaſe, ought not to be attributed to ambition, or an attempt to rival thoſe inimitable ſongſters; but that when they were ſilent, he hoped his humble ſtrains might be liſtned to, with attention perhaps, if not with pleaſure.

Thus when I find, that the knowing-ones of Newmarket are ſilent, that the

* See Dodſley's fables.

larks of the Turf warble not, I flatter myſelf, that I may be heard; and tho' perhaps, like them, I may not expect to be heard with rapture by the judicious, I ſtill hope to be liſtned to, with complacency, by the candid ear.

And yet again—oh that ſome nightingale of the ſcene had deigned to charm us with his ſong! oh that ſome genuine ſon of the Turf had taken up the pen upon this glorious ſubject! What inſtruction and entertainment might we not have expected! What a deep and clear inſight into the noble myſteries of the Turf, the Cock-pit, and the Gaming-table, would the reader have gained! How would he have been charmed with exact and lively deſcriptions of the race and race-horſes! How improved, with deep and accurate accounts, of the excellencies, beauties, and merits of thoſe noble

ble animals! How exactly would their pedigrees have been traced from the pure fountain of their noble blood! How delightfully would their victories have been painted, and with what elegance and precision should we have been told, that "Camillus won York! won Lincoln! "won Northampton! won Epsom! and "(*though last, not least*) won Newmarket!"

How should we have been let into the meaning of abstruse expressions, and words of profound intent, peculiar to the Turf! For as Homer observes of the gods, that they talk a different language from men, the same may be said of the frequenters of the Turf, and numberless words of theirs are exotics every where else;—then, how should we have been told of *black-legs*, and of *town-tops*; and how, while the author poured upon us, with a torrent of *taken-in*,—*beat-hollow*,

—*broke-down*,—*good-bottom*,—*no-where*,—*feathers*,—*give-and-take*,—*flush*,—*rode-booty*,—*deep*,—*hedging*,—&c. &c. should we have listened with rapturous and fixt attention.——

At the Cock-pit—but I will keep the doors of that spot shut for the present.

At the Gaming table, what amazing descriptions might not have been hoped for; of chances, of games unexpectedly recovered,

Of hair-breadth scapes, in th' imminent deadly breach,

of slams, of basts, of voles, of blots, of renounces, of capots, of codilles, of tenaces, of hits, and of a thousand other things, of equal weight and importance.

——*all which* (most certainly) *to hear*
Would every reader seriously incline;
——*and the story being done,*
Would give him, for his pains, a world of thanks, *Would*

Would swear, "in faith 'twas strange, 'twas
"passing strange,
"'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful,
"And would wish that heav'n had made
"him such a man."

All these, and more than these, delightful accounts, might we have hoped for from a Newmarket pen; but, alas! the obstinate and unkind silence of the sons of the Turf, deprives us of this fund of knowledge and entertainment. Instead of all this, my humble attempts must be offered to the reader; instead of his being ravished with the full melody of a Newmarket nightingale, he is faintly entertained with the feeble strains of the red-breast, perched among the willows, that fringe the banks of the river Medway.

But may I not hope, that this earneſt wiſh of mine, ſo feelingly expreſſed, may yet rouſe ſome able pen?

Do, my good LORD HOTSPUR, favour the world with your thoughts upon this firſt of ſubjects, and brandiſh your quill, as oft you have your whip, for the honour of the Turf.

Or you, SIR EAGLET ARCHING-PLACE, will you make us happy with your reflexions? Will you bite your nails on this ſubject, as oft you have at hazard, and obligingly prove, that you hear my earneſt call?

Yet, if theſe ſhould refuſe the taſk, I have ſtill hopes, that the ſpirit of Mr. GANDERLY will be fired to exert itſelf; he *can* write I know; ſix whole lines together, of his inditing, have been ſeen;

ſeen; and that he is qualified for the undertaking, let a ten-years conſtant attendance upon the Turf, and at every ſcene of gaming in the place, evidently prove.——Oh, then! if one of theſe!——I ſay no more.

CHAP. XLI.

OF THE COCK-PIT.

———*ambo*
Æneas Turnuſque ruunt per prælia: nunc nunc
Fluctuat Ira intus; rumpuntur neſcia vinci
Pectora; nunc totis in vulnera viribus Itur.
Virgil.

SUCH a fund of entertainment! Such a profuſion of inſtruction! Such an happy mixture of the uſeful and agreeable (—I think that is the *utile dulci* which Horace requires—) have I got for you, Sir,—and I invite you, moſt cordially, to the entertainment; ſit down pray.

The Cock-pit——ſcene of exquiſite, manly, and rational amuſement!——I declare, my only fear is, that my words will too faintly expreſs my ſenſe of it—and yet I ſet down delighted with my ſubject, and under every advantage of ſilence, retirement, health, and good ſpirits.

It is now upon the ſtill and ſilent hour of midnight:—The neighbouring clock ſtrikes twelve; my children are all long ſince aſleep, and my family retired; every thing conſpires to promote recollection.

Thus prepared, I brandiſh my pen, (it is not made of the magical * feather, which Lucian celebrates) I touch the entrance of the cock-pit; and, lo!——

——on a ſudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil, and jarring ſound,
The doors: There

* See his dialogue of Mycillus and Alectryon.

There is the pit—this is the field of action, and ranged aronnd are the ſeats for the polite and numerous ſpectators: ah! my good reader, if you had beheld the ſcenes of battle which I have been witneſs to here;—but I will endeavour to give you, at leaſt, ſome faint notion of them.

Hark! what noiſe was that!—Oh, it was only the cracking of the wainſcot.

! When, in this place, a large body of ſpectators are collected together, every countenance ſhall expreſs the moſt impatient expectation; till the noble birds, which are to decide the fate of wagers, and their own lives, are brought out; then expectation is immediately turned into fixt attention; and ſee, they are produced.

Inſtantly

Inſtantly they are ſet oppoſite—they expreſs their courage and alacrity, by clapping their wings, and loudly crowing:—They advance; they ſtretch their eager necks, adorned with a circular range of erected feathers, neatly trimed: They engage; they retire; they approach; they attack each other, and retire again, to meet with redoubled violence and rage:—They ruſh with flapping wings, protended ſpurs, and piercing beaks; at every ſtroke the blood ſprings out:—Oh, what a glorious ſcene! well worthy the pen of an Homer, or a Virgil, to paint in its real colours.

But mark, one of the combatants retires; he retreats——droops his faint wings, and runs round the circle, as if ſeeking to hide his coward head; while his eager antagoniſt perſues, with erected creſt, and flushed with hopes of victory.—

tory.——So round the walls of Troy (if I may compare ſmall things with great) did the relentleſs Achilles chace the hapleſs Hector———Ah, luckleſs bird! I tremble for thy fate!

Yet, ſee! The ſcene is changed: The engagement is begun again; the fugitive, turning ſhort on his enemy, attacks him with fierce violence from recruited vigour:—Cunning that he was! he retired; but, as the Roman Horatius fled before the Alban brothers, to recover his exhauſted ſtrength and ſpirits. Now: Now: The fight is renewed with equal readineſs, but, alas! not with equal vigor:—The bird, ſo lately victor, ſhocked, and ſtaggering at the reiterated attack of an enemy, whom he conſidered as already conquered, ſupports the fight but feebly; weak and more weak he reels,

reels, and tottering, ſtrikes faintly his ineffectual beak,

Imbelle ſine ictu,

While his antagoniſt plies him fiercely with blows on blows—urges—preſſes—ſprings aloft—and with a deadly wound extends him a breathleſs carcaſe at his feet.

Whilſt we conſider ſuch ſcenes as theſe, Sir, can we help———

What ſhrill and diſtant ſound is this I hear—again!——It is the neighbouring village cock;—he ſympathiſes ſurely with the victor bird, whoſe conqueſt I have deſcribed; for morning is ſtill far diſtant, and the time is, as Fielding expreſſes it, as yet

Midnight's midnoon

But We'll go on. Ever deſirous as I am to heighen and improve the pleaſures

of

of Newmarket, I have thought of a ſcheme, which, I flatter myſelf, will meet with the approbation of the lovers of the Turf, and of the Cock-pit; as it, in ſome degree, unites the pleaſures, or at leaſt the actors of both.

In the Northern parts of England it is no unuſual diverſion, to tie a rope acroſs a ſtreet, and let it ſwing about the diſtance of ten yards from the ground. To the middle of this a living cock is tied by the legs. As he ſwings in the air, a ſet of young people ride one after another, full ſpeed, under the rope, and riſing in their ſtirrups, catch at the animal's head, which is cloſe clipped and well ſoaped, in order to elude the graſp. Now he who is able to keep his ſeat in his ſaddle, and his hold of the bird's head, ſo as to carry it off in his hand, bears

bears away the palm, and becomes the noble hero of the day.

This amuſement I would propoſe adopting at Newmarket; I would only fix to the rope a dead cock inſtead of a living one; and it ſhould always be the bird which was killed at the cock-pit, that ſhould be hung up; and the horſe which was beaten at the race, that ſhould be obliged to carry his owner, full ſpeed, in this elegant trial of ſkill. It is but a kind of poetical juſtice you ſee, and would beſides afford a noble opportunity of a variety of betts—which happy opportunity we frequently lament a want of.

This is but a firſt ſketch: My ſcheme may be enlarged and improved.

———*Theſe thoughts*
Full councel muſt mature.

But

But, in its preſent form, methinks it promiſes much diverſion—what think you, Lord SWALLOWCAMEL?

His Lordſhip turns up a Rhinoceros's noſe, and calls it *barbarous*! Then addreſſing himſelf to Sir PHILIP PHELIM, ſays—" come, ſhall we go to the " cock-pit, Sir Philip?

Very well:—I am ready to attend your Lordſhip and Sir Philip thither.

Every kind of improvement and advantage, my Lord, may be found at Newmarket; and on this particular ſpot, where we now ſtand, one eminent advantage ſprings up:—Our young gentlemen by being uſed to the battles of birds, to ſcenes of blood and death, acquire a noble ſteadineſs of ſoul, and thereby qualify themſelves to act the parts of intre-

pid

pid officers in war. By frequent ſpectacles, of this ſort, the Britiſh courage——

——But what means this uncommon horror that chills my blood!—What!—What!——

——*Sudden the furious winds ariſe,*
The jarring caſement ſhatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow ſound,
And rattling, from their hinges bound;
While, in a blaze of ſtreaming light,
BRITANNIA's *form appears to fight.*

Merciful! what boundleſs ſplendor! what an auguſt appearance! and, lo! while the ſhade, more majeſtic than poetic fancy ever formed, appears in act to ſpeak, Lord SWALLOW-CAMEL and Sir PHILIP PHELIM drop, aweſtruck and ſenſeleſs, on the floor;—and I trembling, and in accents of awe and heſitation, ſcarcely articulate,

What would your gracious figure?

When thus the viſion, waving her right hand with a moſt expreſſive air of diſdain, in accents more than human—

" Hence with your flippant irony—
" this ſubject will ſcarcely bear it;—
" the mean, and low, and paltry, and ſa-
" vage cuſtom, which you affect to
" praiſe, calls for more forcible wea-
" pons than thoſe of ridicule; the fine
" edge of ſmiling irony is inſufficient;
" the callous hearts of thoſe who love
" this barbarous amuſement reſiſt and
" feel it not; you attempt to realize
" the romantic tale of—*cutting a whet-*
" *ſtone aſunder with a razor.*

" When I contemplate a group of
" Engliſhmen, moſt of them of the
" higheſt rank in the ſtate, and the moſt
" affluent fortunes in the kingdom,
" forming a circle round this pit, croud-

" ing,

" ing, buſtling, all impatient, all eager
" attention, rivetted down to the ſpot to
" behold the progreſs, and the event of
" a battle between two birds——

" When I mark their paſſions rouzed
" by ſuch a ſcene, the ſilent pleaſure
" with which they view two animals
" embrued in each other's blood, their
" joy at victory, their concern at a de-
" feat—then contempt, ſcorn, and grief
" at once agitate my breaſt:——Let
" fancy form to itſelf a ſcene more truly
" contemptible if it can;—fancy indeed
" muſt invent, for truth never can pro-
" duce a meaner ſight.

" Never henceforth let thoſe who
" are of the higher order of men, affect
" to call the diverſions of the vulgar *bar-*
" *barous*, nor find fault with the ſavage
" practices of bull or bear-baiting. By

" their fondneſs for this theatre of cru-
" elty, they ſet themſelves at leaſt upon
" a level with, if not ſome degrees below,
" the very meaneſt and moſt deſpicable
" of the vulgar.

" Britiſh courage, animated by ſuch
" ſcenes!—Hard put to it, indeed, for
" arguments of defence muſt they be,
" who make uſe of ſuch as this;—but
" let them know—that none but a *coward*
" takes delight in ſpectacles of blood.

" It was not by ſuch arts as theſe,
" that ancient Greece reared her great
" ſons, and pointed to them the path of
" glory and of honour.—It was by the
" nobler means of humanity—but why
" do I mention them?——They were
" Grecians; but theſe, my unfeeling
" ſons, are ———." Here compaſſi-
onate concern ſeemed to ſtop the ſacred
voice;

voice; and, while a tear of pity and diſdain appeared to ſteal down her cheek, ſhe vaniſhed into empty air.——

My Lord——My Lord——Sir Philip——ſee, how they lie extended in ſpeechleſs terror but; I will try once more and rouſe them;

Noble and generous ſpirits!
Flow'r of Newmarket! wake!
If ſuch aſtoniſhment as this can ſeize
Your ſpirits——
What! in this abject poſture have ſworn
To adore the viſion?
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fallen!

So: now they riſe:—I thought my ſpeech would take effect, if I borrowed the words of their old acquaintance, from Milton, and I ſee it has done it;—Well:—How fare you, my noble friends?—I, for my part, was inexpreſ-

ſibly aſtoniſhed; but the ſcene quite overpowered you. Shall I tell you what the viſion ſaid?—I can remember every word.

"No, cries his Lordſhip, tell me no-
"thing;—I was ſufficiently ſhocked at
"what I ſaw—I don't deſire to hear;
"this only I know, that I will attend
"the Cock-pit again to-morrow, in ſpite
"of all the viſions in Europe."

That your Lordſhip may do, if you pleaſe; but let me deſire of you, not to attempt to defend the diverſion:—The viſion was undoubtedly right, and the diverſion is certainly deſpicable; ſo it is beſt, I think, to ſay no more about it.

CHAP. XLII.

A LOSS.

Foliis tantum ne carmina manda
Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.
Virgil.

"TWO large volumes in quarto!
"Yes, I think that is the leaſt
"compaſs I can poſſibly eroud my
"work into; and, at the ſame time, do
"any thing like juſtice to my ſubject.
"The honour, the glory, the integrity,
"the wonderful excellences of the
"Turf—It is a ſubject ſo exceedingly
"diffuſe and copious, that I think I
"muſt acquire the comprehenſive bre-
"vity of Salluſt, in order to contract
"my performance into the narrow com-
"paſs of two quarto volumes.

" And, though I disclaimed long " since the mean design of writing for " filthy lucre; yet there is no reason why " gain may not be made an inferior con- " sideration. The *honour of the Turf* is " certainly my first and grand motive; " yet the pecuniary advantages, which, " as an author, I may reap from my la- " bours, may be no unnatural appendix " to my first thought. If therefore " Lord Littleton for his history of " Henry, and Dr. Robertson for his " Scotch and german histories, received " each their thousands, I, surely, may " *modestly* expect to procure an equal " sum, at least, for the copy of this great " work;—not to mention, as a further " advantage, the many very handsome " presents, which I may naturally ex- " pect from the gentlemen of the Turf, " as an acknowledgement for my fee- " ble, though earnest endeavours, to do

" justice

" juſtice to their uncommon merits ;—
" and that any gentleman may not be
" under difficulties (as perhaps ſome
" may ariſe, in the geography of the
" account which I ſhall give of myſelf
" in the courſe of my work) I think it
" will be beſt to advertiſe ſuch gentle-
" men, that if they leave their tokens
" of gratitude in the hands of my book-
" ſeller, they will come ſafe to me."

Such was my not-unpleaſing ſoliloquy, reader, on my firſt ſetting out, when a wide and extenſive ſcene lay before me, as boundleſs as the view from the green plains of Newmarket. I ſeemed launching out on an ocean, ſhoreleſs as the Atlantic, and imagined I ſhould not reach the coaſt before I had paſſed an immeaſurable length.

But

But *courage, my lads, I see land,* and have seen it near twenty chapters ago; just before I wrote the chapter of *Nothing*, the distant shore presented itself to my view; and this sudden and unexpected appearance it was, that enabled me to express my expectation, that every gentleman would carry *my work in his pocket at the next meeting*—an expectation which your readership cannot suppose I should have been so absurd as to entertain, had I thought of extending my work to the bulk of two volumes in quarto.

This sudden change was wrought by the following unforeseen accident.—Most of you, gentlemen and ladies, have read the *Spectator*,—if you have not, the more is the pity;—if you have, it is probable you remember the accident which happened to that ingenious author at a coffee-

coffee-house, when he dropt his *paper of minutes*:—The world had a great loss, when he gravely twisted the paper up and lit his pipe with it;—for all the precious materials which it contained, evaporated in the smoke of that pipe.

My paper, of heads or minutes, perished in a different manner.—I had stept out to take a morning walk, and left upon my table three large folio sheets, full of hints; the window of my study was open, and (I suppose) a sudden gust of wind blew the papers from the table, and scattered them about the room. This I guess to have been the case; for at my return home, I found my little shagg puppy, and my kitten (with whose gambols I frequently amuse myself, and confess they divert me much) at high play with the scattered shreds of my labours. They had torn the

papers

papers into a thouſand pieces; and at my entrance, Shock held a fragment in his forepaws, while he wantonly ſhook it with his teeth; and Mrs. Puſs was patting another with her extended paw and curled-in claws, and riſing on her hind feet was endeavouring to toſs it over her head.

What a ſcene was this for me to behold! Ye, who are authors ſay, for ye only can conceive, what I felt.

An author without his paper of hints, is but an ordinary man; and every body knows, at leaſt every author knows, that while the writing-fit is upon him, it is abſolutely neceſſary to write down minutes, at the very time; for the torrent of thought pours frequently down with ſuch impetuoſity, that it is impoſſible *then* to collect the waters into any regular ſtream,

stream, or direct them as we chuse, into different and agreeable channels. All in our power, therefore, is to catch what we can as they run off, into a large reservoir; which, at our leisure, we may set a flowing, and guide them, as fancy leads, in sweet meanders, through the flowery regions of imagination; or, as judgment points, direct them, a deep and silent stream, along the rich meads of argument and reason.

Guess therefore again, my friends, what must be my sensations, when I saw my reservoir thus miserably destroyed, and spilt useless upon the earth, never to be recovered?—I ran—I flew,—and stopping the wanton's play, collected the fragments together, and sitting down, with the patience of a Stoick, endeavoured to piece the hapless remains; but, alas! it was nearly lost labour; I was

obliged

obliged to content myſelf with copying into another paper, ſuch hints as I could ſtill make out, which were indeed but very few, as they ſcarcely filled an half ſheet of paper, and from theſe I have framed the remainder of my work.

After I had made this the laſt uſe of my ruined papers, in a fit of deſpair I rumpled the pieces all together in my hand, and toſt them into the fire. My modeſty will not permit me to ſay with what wonderful ſplendor, the embryo-turns of wit blazed, nor with what brightneſs, the half-formed hints of unanſwerable arguments glowed;—ſuffice it to tell you, that at the ſight

Tears guſh'd amain, as from old Priam's eyes,
When the laſt blaze ſent Ilion to the ſkies,

Thus,

Thus, reader, perifhed that large ſtock of materials, which I had laid in for a work, in ſome meaſure, anſwerable to the greatneſs of my ſubject. Well thou knoweſt, that Newmarket deſerved all, and more than all, the commendations which two quarto volumes would have contained; but now the ſize is ſhrunk into two pygmean pocket volumes, and only juſtice in miniature can be done (by me at leaſt) to the great, the truly noble theme.

And thus too perifhed that air-built caſtle of advantage, which I had erected; fancy laid the foundation, and imagination formed the ſuperſtructure:—It ſeemed ſtrong and ſolid, and laſting to the mental eye; when, lo! the teeth and paws of two playful animals demoliſhed the whole, with as much eaſe and readineſs, as they could have patted down an houſe of cards. Now,

Now, alas! only two ſmall volumes have I to offer to a bookſeller;—and I dare ſay (to ſo low an ebb is learning run in theſe degenerate days) that Mr. TYPES will modeſtly offer me only one hundred guineas a volume.

But come, Sir, like

—Hudibras, let's ſcorn to ſtoop
To fortune, or be ſaid to droop;
Let's cheer ourſelves with ends of verſe,
And ſayings of philoſophers.

'*Tis well it's no worſe*—ſays an old proverb in the front of a new play, and the wiſe Greeks will tell us, that—μεγα βιβλιον μεγα κακον—*a great book is a great evil.*

CHAP. XLIII.

THE MACCARONI.

——*Ergo non levitas mihi*
Sed certa ratio cauſam ſcribendi dedit.
Phædrus.

SCENE THE LAST.

Lord MANLY, Lord BETTISALL, and Sir RICHARD RATIONAL.

Lord MANLY *(to Lord* BETISALL, *who had ſat ſometime ſilent, and in an indolent poſture, as if half aſleep.)*

YOU are not in ſpirits, my Lord—give us a toaſt———a Lady.

Lord BETTISALL.

A toaſt—a Lady—(*yawns)* let me ſee.

Lord MANLY.

Ay, come; the Lady of your heart, now,

Lord BETTISALL.

The Lady of my heart, you ſay;—then you ſhall have her—I give you—Miſs SLIM——

Lord MANLY.

Who, pray, my Lord?

Lord BETTISALL.

Miſs SLIM;—does not your Lordſhip know her?—Sir Richard here, does, am ſure.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

I proteſt to you, my Lord, I have not that honour.

Lord BETTISALL.

I proteſt to you, Sir, you have that honour; did not I ſee you yeſterday examining her, with admiring eyes, and enquiring how much would purchaſe her?

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

Examine!—and *purchaſe!*—he certainly means CHARLES RISEANDFALL's racer——ridiculous!

Lord BETTISALL.

Nay, Sir Richard, there is nothing ridiculous in it;—for if there had been the woman in England, whom I thought half ſo handſome as that beautiful creature, I would certainly have named her.

Lord MANLY.

I ſhould be ſorry to ſee with your eyes, my Lord; but not to hint at ſuch

an extravagant compariſon as you do; I think there are horſes much Slim's ſuperior in beauty,

Lord BETTISALL.

None, none.

Lord MANLY.

Yes, Captain BOOBY's Tyger is ten times handſomer.

Lord BETTISALL.

I'll lay you ten to one of that——

Lord MANLY.

You have got to you old proof—— a wager.

Lord BETTISALL.

And the only proof, my Lord, I ever think of giving; reaſon and argument I have no notion of; a bet with me is the higheſt

higheſt point of human underſtanding; —it comprehends in it every thing—and is, beſides, one of the ſublimeſt *pleaſures of the Turf*.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

Your Lordſhip has mentioned the *pleaſures of the Turf*;—it appears, by our preſence here, that we are all of us lovers of the place, but perhaps all in a different manner, and in a different degree:—Will you, my Lord, favour us with *your* notion of thoſe pleaſures?

Lord BETTISALL.

You are drawing me into length, Sir Richard, by your propoſing a ſubject, which I could dwell upon for ever; but thoſe very pleaſures diſqualify me from giving you a long account;—my eager perſuit of them will ſcarcely permit me, even now, to keep my eyes open; yet

I will very readily oblige you, if you will allow me to be brief, and to indulge that ſhort nap, which his Lordſhip here prevented by his propoſal of a toaſt.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

Oh, certainly, as brief as you pleaſe; —let it be an epitome, ſo we have but the heads;—and, by all' means, after it indulge your nap; you will ſit to your evening cards with a clearer head, and I am ſure Lord Manly will excuſe you.

Lord MANLY.

Certainly.

Lord BETTISALL.

Why then I do think, that if any mortals upon earth have a right to reverſe the words of Mungo in the play, we, of the Turf, are the men.

What a heavenly life do we lead!

All

All the morning in the beſt of company, our horſes, and converſing upon them (the beſt of ſubjects) with our grooms; all the middle of the day upon that paradiſe, the Turf; and all the evening at that ſcene of variety, the Gaming-table. ——Divine!——This is life!—I mention each without enlarging upon any; but—could I keep myſelf awake *(yawns)* they are each an endleſs ſubject—and they, every one of them, afford ſuch glorious means, for the ſublimeſt of all rational amuſements, a Bet—for to ſay truth *(yawns)* I do think——a Bet is—*(yawns)* a Bet is—all that——a Bet is ——(*falls aſleep*)

Lord MANLY.

And *theſe are the pleaſures of the Turf!*

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

And *theſe are the pleaſures of the Turf!* I am pleaſed to be your echo, my Lord,

if I may judge by your manner of ſpeaking.

Lord MANLY.

My manner of ſpeaking, Sir Richard, was certainly expreſſive of contempt; nay, and ſo far does this contempt of the pleaſures of the Turf carry me, that I am more than half inclined, at ſome ſerious times, to deſpiſe myſelf for partaking of them.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

Indeed!——I fear then your Lordſhip's half-inclination may, at thoſe ſerious times, carry you beyond yourſelf, and make you caſt a glance of contempt upon your friends.

Lord MANLY.

I was not aware of your inference, Sir, I confeſs; but *(ſmiling)* we always except the company you know.

Your

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

Your ſervant, my Lord:——But as this drowſy Peer has obliged us with *his* picture of thoſe pleaſures, will you draw your's?—a copy from the original in your mind?

Lord MANLY.

Moſt readily:—Yet, I aſſure you, if I draw ever ſo ſtrongly, the copy will but faintly repreſent the original.—When I conſider a morning ſpent in the mean and low converſation of grooms and jockeys, in lounging from ſtud to ſtud, examining this horſe, commenting upon that, praiſing one, finding fault with another, I am loſt in aſtoniſhment at the reflection; I lament the little effect of good education, upon ſuch illiberal minds, and am tempted to recommend an exchange of ſtations between the maſter and the groom; for as the maſter proves, that fortune has placed him

him in a wrong ſituation, it would be but juſt to give the groom a chance of ſhewing, that he could fill his ſtation better.—At noon, when I come on to the Turf, and conſider the ſcene of buſtle and confuſion; when I hear the frivolous converſation, the clamorous ſhoutings, the vulgar ſpeeches, and the horrid oaths; when I examine the thronging multitudes that gather in a cluſter, the high and the low, *the great vulgar, and the ſmall,* for the forming that moſt ſenſeleſs of all ſenſeleſs things, a *Bett*——

Lord BETTISALL *(ſtill ſleeping)*

Ye—s;——a bet is——a bet is——

Lord MANLY.

Would you deſire, Sir, a better ſolution of the phænomenon of dreams?

Quicquid luce fuit, tenebris agit.

——And when I come to behold the grand

grand exhibition of all,—the Race—upon which every eye is fixed with the keeneſt attention; I confeſs the pain I undergo through fear of the riders falling, the compaſſion I feel for the poor horſes, who are ſtraining every nerve with an earneſtneſs that muſt ariſe to anguiſh, and ſuffering from the keen laſh of the whip, and the deep goring of the ſpur ——I ſay, all theſe painful ſenſations, ſo infinitely overbalance the ſmall ſhare of pleaſure, which ariſes in my breaſt, that I cannot but aſk my heart,—where is the diverſion of all this?—I cannot but readily adopt, with a little variation, thoſe fine lines of Dr. Goldſmith in his *Deſerted Village*.——

In theſe e'er triflers half their wiſh obtain,
The toiling pleaſure ſickens into pain;
And e'en while faſhion's brighteſt arts decoy,
The heart diſtruſting aſks, if this be joy?

my heart, I am ſure, moſt readily anſwers

ſwers, that it is not joy, and yet——— but I fear I tire you, Sir.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

Oh no, pray, my Lord, proceed.

Lord MANLY.

You ſhall promiſe me then to give your opinion as freely as I have done mine, Sir Richard.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

I will, my Lord.

Lord MANLY.

Well then—my heart acknowledges, that the ſcene is not a ſcene of pleaſure; and yet let me do it juſtice, and ſay, that it affords a ſenſation of———I know not what to call it——*ſatisfaction* is almoſt too high an expreſſion;—but let us call it ſatisfaction, for want of a better term. At the moment of contention, when

when the horſes are upon full ſtretch, and every perſon preſent ſeems to be all eye, at that inſtant I own, I feel a momentary ſatisfaction, which yet I cannot but condemn, becauſe it is a ſatisfaction in which reaſon has no ſhare :—But you ſmile, SirRichard, is it a ſmile of aſſent or diſſent ?

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

In the language of your houſe, my Lord, I anſwer, *not content* ;—but pray go on.

Lord MANLY.

I ſhall gladly receive better information from your ſentiments, Sir Richard. If I paſs by that ſcene of vulgarly cruel diverſion, the Cock-pit, as infinitely below our notice, it is only to turn our attention to the Gaming-table for one moment,—for ſurely that ſpace of time is quite

quite ſufficient to ſhew the madneſs, abſurdity, and folly of the ſcenes which are acted there:—Merciful heaven! when I ſee the raw ſtripling, fleeced by the ſharper grown grey in the arts of gaming, I am hardly ſufficient maſter of myſelf to keep from rudely interfering, and am forced to retreat, with the apoſtrophe of Marcus in my mouth.

——Is there not ſome choſen curſe,
Some hidden thunder in the ſtores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blaſt the man
Who owes his greatneſs to another's ruin?

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

You are tranſported, my Lord.

Lord MANLY.

I am, Sir,——*Thy ſteady temper, Portius, &c.* but I have not that philoſophical command of myſelf; I wiſh ſometimes, indeed, that I had, for then I

ſhould

ſhould curb ſome exertions of my ſpleen, which, however they may ariſe from honeſt motives, I acknowledge are ſometimes blameable; and, thanks to the follies and vices which ſpring up an inexhauſted crop in this fertile ſoil, my warm ſpirit never wants ſubjects to keep it in continual exerciſe.—But I have done, and now claim your promiſe, Sir Richard.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

My Lord, I am ready to oblige you, and ſhall give you my opinion openly and fairly. To do juſtice to the pleaſures of the Turf, I think it ſureſt to keep between the two extremes of violent fondneſs, and exceſſive diſlike. Your Lordſhip will excuſe me, if I judge, that you have erred (though I own it is the ſafeſt error) on the extreme of diſlike; and as to the opinion of your noble brother,

brother, who ſleeps there ſo comfortably beſide us, I have no need to aſk his pardon for diſſenting from it, and declaring, that his unbounded fondneſs for the Turf, is a deep error on the other extreme, and, in the higheſt degree, blameable. I agree with you, my Lord, in your general obſervations on the meanneſs of devoting ſo much precious morning-time to an attendance on horſes, and to the converſation of grooms; nor do I diſapprove of what you remark, in general, as to the company and converſation upon the Turf; nor of your deteſtation of rooks and ſharpers at the Gaming-table.——

Lord MANLY.

Then pray, Sir Richard, in what do we diſagree?—For at preſent we ſeem to be of one mind.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

Not quite, my Lord; for here we differ; you condemn with too rigid a severity, and I am for making allowances:—I am for separating the agreeable from the disagreeable, and enjoying the one, as well as slighting the other. Your Lordship seems to me, not to be willing to allow any thing agreeable, nor that there are any pleasures to be found upon the Turf.

Lord MANLY.

Do so much as point them out to me, Sir.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

I confess then, that I feel a sensible pleasure (and I think not an irrational one) in looking round me on the plains of Newmarket, and seeing so numerous a company assembled together, with a disposition to be pleased and happy.

Such a ſcene diffuſes a ſecret ſatisfaction over my heart, which I moſt willingly indulge, becauſe I am ſure it is innocent and laudable. Beſides this, the view of the horſes preparing for the courſe, is a moſt agreeable amuſement:—There is not a finer figure in all the Brute creation, than one of theſe animals on this occaſion:—Their pride, their alacrity, their eager pawings, that—*ſtare loco neſcit*—which Virgil ſo elegantly deſcribes, is ſomething very delightful; and though I allow, that nobler objects may afford a nobler pleaſure; yet, as the mind is permitted to, nay muſt, unbend itſelf, I think theſe fine creatures a proper object of delight; and as I come diſpoſed to be entertained, I willingly enjoy the entertainment they afford me.

Lord MANLY.

Take care, Sir Richard, you paint warmly; you will run into the extreme. SIR

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

Never fear me, my Lord, :—And as to the pleaſures which I feel during the race, and at the time of the grand and animating puſh——a pleaſure which I own, and your Lordſhip did not diſown—

Lord MANLY.

I did not; but then I condemned it as a pleaſure, in which reaſon had no ſhare.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

You did ſo, my Lord, and upon that very account, I think you condemned it too ſeverely :—If we are at liberty to enjoy no pleaſures, but ſuch as we muſt examine by the ſtricteſt rules of reaſon, we annihilate more than half the innocent pleaſures of life. For my own part, I am humbly content to take things as I find them; and, provided a pleaſure comes in my way, which I am convinced is innocent, I am not ſo philoſophically rigid as

to reject it, and to require a long deduction of reaſon to prove its grounds.

Lord MANLY.

Pray, Sir Richard, what did you ſmile at when I mentioned, "*reaſon* having no "ſhare in the pleaſure?"

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

Why, my Lord, a thought ſtruck me, that if a ſet of jolly hunters, of whom I once heard a curious ſtory, had been preſent when you expreſſed yourſelf in this manner, how they would have gazed at you with amazement.

Lord MANLY.

What was the ſtory?

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

A friend of mine was walking through the ſtreet of a village in Yorkſhire, when he ſaw a fox take his courſe through the village, and a pack of dogs in full cry after

after him. He looked after them a while, ſoon loſt ſight of them, and went on about his buſineſs. In about half an hour, as he was returning, he met ſeveral gentlemen on horſeback, in high ſpirits, who eagerly addreſſed him with——"Sir, did you "ſee a fox and dogs after him?"—Yes, Sir——"Which way went they?" That way——"How far do you think they "may be before us?"—About three or four miles——"Very well, thank you, "Sir——come along, my boys——fine "ſport!—Fine ſport!"—And away they rode, as faſt as their horſes could carry them.—

—Now I ſmiled to think, my ord that if theſe honeſt fox-hunters had been aſked, *what ſhare reaſon had in their fine ſport*, that they would have been horridly at a loſs for an anſwer; and yet I will allow, that to them their ſport *was* fine,

and though they could not give a reaſon for their pleaſure, yet (if you will allow the expreſſion) they might reaſonably indulge it.

Thus too for that enlivening flow of ſpirits, which we feel during the grand contention at the race, I ſee no cauſe why it ſhould not be indulged, though we cannot prove the juſtice of it by ſtrict reaſon.

Lord MANLY.

It ſeems then, Sir Richard, that you think the pleaſures which you have deſcribed, and which I own I feel (though perhaps not ſo ſtrong as you paint them, yet ſtronger than my warmth, ariſing from my diſlike of their attendant follies, would let me own) ſufficiently account for my appearance on the Turf.

If this be your opinion, I am obliged to you for furniſhing me with reaſons for

my

my actions;—for, I own, my frequent attendance here, has been to me always one of the unaccountables of my life.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

But your attendance here, my Lord, is not frequent.

Lord MANLY.

More frequent surely, Sir, than is consistent with the dislike I have expressed.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

Not at all, my Lord; for to the innocent part of the diversions of the place, you have expressed no dislike; it is only the scene of detestable follies and vices that attend them, to which you have shewn a strong and just aversion.

But the pleasure I have mentioned, is not the single motive for your attendance here; and if I had not enlarged too much perhaps already, I have no doubt

but I could convince your Lordſhip, that you are induced, and very reaſonably induced, by faſhion, health, high ſpirits, and great good nature; motives, all of them, when they carry us not (and you they certainly do not carry) into the exceſſes and extravagances of the place, perfectly juſtifiable, and ſufficiently ſtrong, to induce you to mix with the multitude upon the plains of Newmarket.

Lord MANLY.

Well, Sir Richard, I believe I muſt not diſpute the point with you any longer; yet I cannot ſay, that, I think, if I allow the merits of the innocently-agreeable amuſements of theſe plains, you will then urge, that I look upon the follies and vices, which are here ſo numerous, with too ſevere an eye.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

On this point I ſhall moſt readily join your Lordſhip; yet I know not how; but ſuch is the diſpoſition of the world, that they cannot, nay will not, bear a ſevere reprimand of their faults:—to ſuch ſeverity they turn a deaf ear.

The ſmiling Satyr of Horace * touches the heart more effectually, than the mercileſs ſeverity of Juvenal.—If I was to write upon the ſubject of the Turf, I would ſooner adopt the gay pleaſing manner of the one, than the frowning look and angry tone of the other.

Lord MANLY.

Now you mention it, Sir Richard, I wonder ſomething of this ſort has never been attempted:—It is a fertile ſubject, and calls loudly for animadverſion. The

* Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.

in-

ingenious Doctor Wharton's ſhort poem, and a few tranſient ſtrictures, in the papers of the *World* and *Connoiſſeur*, are all that ever I met with of this nature.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

I think with you, my Lord, that it might be done, and I own I wiſh it were done.

Lord MANLY.

I have in my eye an ingenious young gentleman of Trinity College in Cambridge (whoſe merits I am proud to patroniſe) to whom I will hint the ſubject; and, as I have no doubt of his abilities, and am confident of his readineſs to oblige me, I fancy we ſhall ſee the ſubject agreeably handled, as I ſhall propoſe to him the manner which you ſo juſtly recommend.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

I own, my Lord, that I think a fine and delicate wit, which, like the beautiful *Aurora Borealis*, at once engages attention, gives pleaſure, and, at the ſame time, affects us with awe, a thouſand times more effectual to work reformation, than the cutting ſeverity of wit, which, like lightning, wounds, ſcorches, blaſts, and blackens.

Lord MANLY.

I agree with you, Sir Richard—and a book written in ſuch a manner, I dare ſay my Trinitonian will produce.

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

I had rather be the author of ſuch a book, than maſter of the beſt horſe in Chriſtendom.

Lord BETTISALL.—*(waking)*

That's I, Sir.

SIR

SIR RICHARD RATIONAL.

What, my Lord?——

Lord BETTISALL.

Oh, no, it is not;—I am not ſo happy:——Ah, ſweet deluſive dream, whither art thou fled!——My Lord, Sir Richard, I dreamt that I was *maſter of the beſt horſe in Chriſtendom*, and I only wake to find myſelf miſerably miſtaken.

Lord MANLY.

You feel too ſenſibly, my Lord.

Lord BETTISALL.

Eclipſe! Eclipſe!——Dear, exquiſite Eclipſe!—Oh that thou wert mine!—I proteſt to you, gentlemen, were I the happy owner of that noble creature, I ſhould not know how to contain my joy: I ſhould certainly look down with contempt upon royalty, wiſdom, and ſo forth;

forth; from that very moment conſidering myſelf as the beſt, wiſeſt, and greateſt man, that ever did, or ever will exiſt.

Lord MANLY.

Since your Lordſhip has been enjoying your nap, Sir Richard and I have been talking over the *pleaſures of the Turf*, and we think them ſo noble a ſubject, that we purpoſe recommending it to a young gentleman of my acquaintance, to write a panegyric upon it.

Lord BETTISTAL.

A glorious thought, my Lord! The young man will have an admirable ſubject, on which to exerciſe his genius:——Pray, by all means, recommend to him to be diffuſe on the merits of Eclipſe;——he can never ſay too much on that head;——be ſure too don't let him

him forget my dear Miſs SLIM, and if he has a mind to ſhew his genius in the brighteſt manner, let him be full upon that great ſubject, a BETT.

Lord MANLY.

Oh, certainly, my Lord; juſtice ſhall be done to your favourite ſubjects;—but come, ſhall we call for cards?

Lord BETTISALL.

Aye, aye,—and here comes more company—Cards! Cards.———

[*ſcene ſhuts.*

Now the noble company are ſet in to their evening's amuſement, I ſhall leave them there, after begging pardon of Lord Manly for anticipating his deſign, and endeavouring to be before-hand with his young gentleman of Trinity College in Cambridge.

The

The truth of the matter is, I have too great a reſpect and veneration for Newmarket, and its pleaſures, to ſee them ridiculed with patience:—I therefore, though all unequal to the taſk, have taken upon me the ſubject of panegyric, and endeavoured to prevent the ill effects of this preconcerted attack upon my favourite ſpot;—an attack, which I look upon myſelf as peculiarly fortunate to have over-heard; and I ſhould have thought myſelf unpardonable, had I not endeavoured to oppoſe and prevent it.

And now, gentle reader, I have landed thee ſafe upon the (—ſhall I ſay wiſh'd for?—) ſhore; I bid thee farewell; abler certainly and better companions it may be thy lot to meet with, but none more willing and deſirous, at leaſt to amuſe and entertain, if not improve and inſtruct.

inſtruct. Adieu then :—As I flatter myſelf we part in high good humour with each other, ſo I ſhall hope, that if ever we live to meet again (—but mark I don't threaten you—) we ſhall meet with the ſame diſpoſition, to the ſame friendly intercourſe.

THE END.